MADAME ROSE LUMMIS

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By

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BURNS & OATES
28 ORCHARD STREET
LONDON

BENZIGER BROS.
NEW YORK, CINCINNATI
CHICAGO

First issue, June, 1907.

I said, "Let me walk in the fields;"
  He said, "Nay, walk in the town."
I said, "There are no flowers there;"
  He said, "No flowers, but a crown."
I said, "But the skies are black,
  There is nothing but noise and din;"
But he wept as he sent me back:
  "There is more," He said, "there is sin!"

I said, "But the air is thick,
  And fogs are veiling the sun;"
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
  And souls in the dark undone!"
I said, "I shall miss the light,
  And friends will miss *me*, they say;"
He answered, "Choose to-night,
  If *I* am to miss you or they!"

I pleaded for time to be given;
  He said "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in Heaven
  To have followed the steps of your Guide!"

Nihil obstat:

GULIELMUS H. KENT, O.S.C.,

Censor deputatus.

Imprimi potest:

✠ GULIELMUS,

EPISCOPUS ARINDELENSIS,

Vicarius Generalis.

Westmonasterii,

die 5 *Maii*, 1907.

Madame Rose Lummis.

I

It is a well-known adage, that when God selects souls for a special work, He very often makes choice of those who, in the eyes of the world, are the persons least fitted for the task. A plain, unlettered woman like Catherine of Sienna to influence Popes and Cardinals! And the brilliant Francis Xavier, so well adapted to impress the great and convert Europe, was, according to our ideas, thrown away on the obscure natives of China and the East Indies. Theresa of Avila, with her simple mind and frank charm of manner, exercised that marvellous influence from the solitude of Carmel; and we might enumerate many such instances from the days of St. Agnes downwards. In our own days, and among our own surroundings, history repeats itself. The great things for God are worked by instruments we should never have selected, yet they are the ones that succeed.

Brought up in an atmosphere of extreme culture and refinement, imbued with a deep respect for authority, thrown with people of wit, learning and *esprit*, Rose Lummis was to spend among ignorant lawlessness and vice the greater part of

her life, which her love of God and zeal for souls made not only pleasant, but happy beyond words.

In this short life we can only unfold the missionary side of her character, and show in what a strange manner Almighty God deals with her soul, and the simple yet inevitable way He attracts her to fight beneath His standard.

Rose was the younger daughter of Benjamin Rush Lummis, a gentleman of fortune who, weary of New York life and its turmoil, settled down to a solitary life on the shores of Lake Ontario at Sodus Point. An unusual love of nature must have been inherent in his race, for to Rose's grandfather was due the connection with and attachment of the family to this wild, romantic spot along the great lake. The southern shore of Lake Ontario affords no scenery more charming than that around Sodus Bay. This lovely sheet of water lies midway between Oswego and the mouth of the Genesse River. The name Sodus is of Indian origin, and means silvery waters, which, indeed, are so clear that one can see the shells and stones at the bottom, and watch the unconscious fish sporting about the tempting hook. At the extreme end of the bay are large beds of the Egyptian lotus lily, *Velumbian luteum*, which form a splendid feature of the scene. The curious large round leaves lie flat upon the surface of the water, and the yellow tinted lilies send forth a delicious fragrance ; then the frost comes, and when the leaves of the flowers fall, there is left the pod containing the famous lotus bean, which the lotus-eaters en-

joyed, and which Tennyson describes. In winter the bay presents a fine spectacle ; the surface is frozen over, and the ice, several inches in thickness, is clear as crystal, delightful for ice boats, and strong enough to bear a sledge and pair of horses. Above the bay is the picturesque village of Sodus Point, with its white cottages and its lighthouse at the entrance of the harbour. In the war of 1812, the point was captured by British ships of war, which sailed from Canada across Lake Ontario and through the fine harbour of Sodus Bay. Every house in the village was razed to the ground or destroyed by fire, with the exception of the old inn. This quaint building was spared because an English officer was within its walls, where he expired. For many years afterwards traces of his blood could be seen in dark stains upon the floor, and many a gruesome tale has been told of ghosts and goblins that haunted the old place. Into these favoured and historic scenes came two travellers one day, seeking rest and beauty far from the busy haunts of men. And looking out over the bay, with its islands and chestnut groves, the blue waters and the bluffs beyond, one burst out rapturously, "What a paradise for a man to build a home!" This was the first impression Dr. Lummis received of Sodus Bay. He had left his hurried life at Philadelphia for change and freedom, and wandering through the state of New York came unexpectedly on Sodus Point in all the glory of its unrivalled outlook. He built the home, to which he always returned for peace and

rest, where his boys spent their youth and learnt to love Sodus Point with that strange fascination which was inherited by their sons, and which lingers even to this day.

Of all the children of Dr. Lummis, Benjamin's attachment to Sodus was the most remarkable. In the midst of a successful career in New York he relinquished all the pleasures and advantages of town life, to bury himself and his young wife in the solitary scenes of his boyhood. He purchased an estate of six thousand acres, which stretched picturesquely along the lake, and the "Homestead" which he planned and built was a charming retreat, rising amid the forest primeval, and commanding enchanting views of wood and water, lake and bay. He built roads through the estate, and the magnificent avenue of chestnuts two miles in length, which led from the house to the main road, was one of the features of the place. Winding walks led down to the water's edge, where the boats were always moored in readiness to ply among the numerous islands in the bay; three of the largest—Bute, Arran, and Islay—forming part of the property. It was an ideal life and setting for a man of Mr. Lummis' tastes, fond of study, clever, witty, even brilliant; he lived in his books and the management of the estate, and he had little leisure to regret the world which had held out many allurements to a man of his culture and attainments. With a remarkable charm of manner and address, a fine presence, and distinguished appearance, he might have been a prominent figure of his day; but a

highly nervous temperament and distaste for American public life and politics led him to seek in nature the solace and delight denied him in the world of finance around him.

To his young wife, Georgiana Willig, this sudden bursting of the bonds of home, friends, and town life, with all its charms, interests, and delights, was a severe trial. Her home life at Philadelphia was happy beyond words; she was the centre of the old colonial life of comfort, simple elegance, and culture. It was in the days when the celebrated Madame Rush led the Philadelphia world of fashion. All the wits and learning of the day congregated in her *salon*, and when she appeared in the streets, surrounded by her admirers, she was the talk of the hour. Her husband, Dr. Rush, was the clever and serious physician, who, absorbed in his studies, paid little attention to the modes and manners of his famous and fascinating wife. He was the friend of Dr. Lummis, whose son Benjamin became his godson, and who adopted his godfather's name.

It was, no doubt, in the whirligig of this fashionable life, that Benjamin Rush Lummis met and married Gorgiana Willig, then a girl of sixteen. To be carried away from all that composed her young happy world, especially the family whom she adored, and the society which was so congenial, was indeed a test of her love and loyalty; but never was she known to utter a complaint. Through the bright, warm months of summer, life at the new home was delightful;

there were long days spent in the open air, on the lake, or through the country roads, riding or driving the handsome pair of cream ponies Mr. Lummis had selected for his young wife, thinking they would attract a girl's fancy; but during the long, dreary winter, when letters came but twice a week, and the outside world was wrapt in its pall of snow, she bore the monotony with sweet cheerfulness, and made duty paramount to every other feeling. The advent of a son caused intense joy to the household by the lake; Mr. Lummis fondly hoped that in years to come his eldest boy would succeed him at Sodus. He was intensely English in his ideas of inherited property, and determined to entail the estate for three generations at least, which is the longest term allowed by the American constitution. The birth of the little heir was consequently a subject of gratification to the father's pride, and intensified all his previous love and interest in his possessions at Sodus. Three years later a tiny girl followed Benny into the world, and when he heard the announcement of this, Mr. Lummis walked deliberately into his study, and without consulting anyone's wishes wrote down the name "Rose," which he afterwards showed to his wife. Mrs. Lummis heartily approved of his selection, as it was the name of her favourite sister, Rose Willig, who eventually loved the little Rose as her own. The new baby was a frail, delicate child, whom the doctor then, and years later, assured the anxious, devoted mother would never live to be a woman. Willig Lummis,

the third child, and Rose's junior by three years, was strong and vigorous, and, like his brother Benny, a striking contrast to the little sister, who though she joined in their amusements, and tried to be one with them, was always fragile, her energetic nature and strong will alone being responsible for the merry games and mischievous pranks of which she was always the life and soul. None of the three children were baptised. Though of strict probity and honour, Mr. Lummis had but vague ideas of religion, and like so many Americans thought his children should be allowed to judge for themselves in such matters, and so left them free until they were of an age to decide. In strong contrast to all this, Mrs Lummis was a woman of deep religious instincts, with a strong sense of duty towards God and the world around her. As her love and admiration of her husband were profound, her patience and submission were heroic.

Mr. Lummis' temper was uncertain; with little or no provocation he would break out, his scorn and irony on such occasions cutting the heart of his hearer ; but her sweetness never failed. No one could ever remember her utter one quick or reproachful word during all the trying years of her married life. The nobility and generosity of her husband's nature atoned in her eyes for what was unreasonable and exacting. No matter how deep his wrath, or how long he nursed it, he never forgot to apologise to his wife with a whole hearted humility truly touching. He was irresistible ; and though his family and friends held

him in awe, their devotion and admiration were none the less keen.

He was amused and even pleased once, when his wife came on the following lines, which she told him expressed his character :

> In all thy humours, whether gay or mellow,
> Thou art such a testy, touchy, pleasant fellow.
> So much mirth and wit and spleen about thee,
> There is no living with thee—*nor without thee.*

In this atmosphere little Rosie, as her brothers called her, passed the early days of her childhood. Her love for her mother was tender and beautiful. In character and appearance they were much alike ; they had the same clear, sweet grey eyes, which were the girl's most beautiful feature, the elegance of manner and stately grace, with the remarkable simplicity which impressed all who met mother or daughter.

From her father Rose inherited her talent, wit, and sprightly repartee. She read at the age of three, and devoured Scott as a little girl ; but never was she allowed to touch a book without her mother's permission. Strict obedience and honour were the rule of the children's lives. They were trusted, and that was a law no one dreamed of breaking. It was a rule Rose observed all through her life in dealing with souls ; and even when disappointed she scorned to adopt any other. She firmly believed in the truth and sincerity of human nature ; she judged all by her own standards, and it added sweetness and strength to all she did.

As a little girl, Rose generally spent the winters at Philadelphia, the home of her maternal grandfather, Mr. George Willig ; and she had distinct remembrances of the dignified old man whom his wife and daughters adored. He was a German by birth, and had been educated at St. Cyr. His rules for the house were strictly maintained ; nothing disagreeable was ever allowed in conversation, and all unpleasant news, sadness, discontent in look or gesture were prohibited when the family assembled for meals. In the evening individual amusements were set aside, each member of the family being expected to contribute to the entertainment of the others. Mr. Willig loved music, and his daughters inherited his tastes. Cecilia (Mrs. Lord) had a beautiful voice, and Rose played on the harp with a skill and charm rare in an amateur. It was a refined, hospitable, and happy household, where the wit, learning, and fashion of old Philadelphia loved to gather. Mr. Willig was the first patron of homeopathy, and he was never happier than when surrounded by his friends discussing the problems of science. One law was inexorable, namely, that the house closed at 10 o'clock ; and no matter who the guests, or how amusing the evening, as the chime struck in the beautiful Marie Antoinette Sévres clock, the host arose, wished his guests goodnight, and all were expected promptly to take the hint, which they did, and the doors were closed for the night.

The early impressions Rose received in this remarkable household were life-long. Miss Rose

Willig took especial delight in training her little niece, whom she loved, in her own neat, dainty methods, which Rose never forgot. She remembered so well sitting on a low chair beside her aunt and being taught to seal her letters, when she must have been only six years old. Her tiny desk, the pretty little seal with her initials, and the candle, were always put back with the utmost care in the proper place; and this love of order so early embued, stamped her character and proved invaluable in the busy years of her after life. It was about this time that Rose received her first religious impressions; she noticed, as a child will, an unusual excitement in the family, and occasionally heard her grandparents and aunt speak in suppressed tones of horror and anguish of "Cecilia becoming a Catholic." She felt it was some disgrace, and wondered what it all meant. Her Aunt Rose was on all occasions her court of appeal in every doubt and difficulty, and one day, standing by the window in the great old fashioned house, she noticed her aunt seated alone, and seemingly unhappy; and stealing up softly beside her, the child asked anxiously: "Aunt Rose, what is it to be a Catholic?"

"Something awful, Rosie, and Aunt Cecilia has made us all very unhappy."

The aunt referred to was the wife of Judge Charles Lord, of St. Louis, whom Archbishop Ryan had just then received into the Church. Prejudice and bigotry reigned supreme in Philadelphia in those distant days; the Catholic Church was emerging from its obscurity, and the

know-nothings were determined to stamp it out of existence. One night the city was electrified by the burning of the convent; the flames shot up in the darkness of the sky, and crowds hurrying to the scene were shocked to see a handful of shivering and frightened women standing helpless and homeless in the street. They had scarcely time to escape from the blazing ruin, and public indignation was aroused at the dastardly outrage. There were few if any Catholics of position in Philadelphia at that time, the great majority being the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. Mr. Willig had carried with him from the old country bitter prejudice against the Church; her struggling position in the New World was what she richly deserved; and that a child of his, educated and enlightened as she was, should belong to such a corrupt creed never entered his philosophy. His feelings of pride were naturally outraged, and the family letters to the erring one at St. Louis were not pleasant reading at this time. The child Rosie heard the echo of it all, and it sank deep in her impressionable mind. Catholicity and shame were synonomous in her youthful imagination.

The winters at Philadelphia were a delight to the little girl, but the summers at Sodus and the return to her mother were bliss. Her elder brother Benny was her slave. He thought her "such a funny little thing," and his devotion was beautiful. He was a striking-looking boy, with a fine face and dark curling hair. There is a pretty engraving of the children, Benny with his toy

horse, and Rosie close beside the big brother of ten !

In some inexplicable manner both children contracted scarlet fever, and consternation reigned in the household. Mr. Lummis thought only of his boy, his first-born, his treasure ; the little girl was a very minor consideration. Every thought and care was lavished on him. Mother and father watched him night and day, and nothing was spared to save the precious life. Mrs. Willig, who happened to be at Sodus, took charge of her little grandchild, and brought Rosie safely through the critical illness. But the boy was lost, and the father's grief was poignant beyond words.

Rosie remembered playing beside her parents some time after this blow. They were seated out of doors, and the child cried eagerly : " I want Benny. Where is Benny ? "

Her mother hastily said : " You mean Willig."

" No, no, mother. Benny ; I want Benny ! " Her father groaned, murmuring : " I can't stand it," and got up hastily and went away. The little girl was frightened ; but her mother drew her to her side, and told her Benny was gone away and would never return. She must now play with Willig. The scene was never effaced from her mind—the first vague idea of death and loss and sorrow.

All Mr. Lummis' hopes were now centred on his youngest and only surviving son Willig, then a boy of four. He was a bright, sturdy little child, and seemed likely to follow in the footsteps

his father had so eagerly marked out for his future. Rose, on the contrary, was even more fragile than before. Her illness left her with a weak spine and lungs, which seemed to confirm the doctors' opinion that she would never live to her eighteenth year. But the cloud darkened Mrs. Lummis' life for years, and the tender love she bore the daughter she so dearly cherished was but strengthened, for she dreaded each year that she would be snatched away from her. From her childhood Rose had a horror of the winter. She felt the cold intensely, and even then her spine must have been affected, for she grew tired so easily ; but her energy was great, and she was patient and uncomplaining even from her tenderest years.

Rose was baptised when she was nine years old, and only then at the suggestion and wish of her half-sister, Georgette Lummis. Mr. Lummis' first wife was an elder daughter of Mr. Willig and sister of Rose's mother. Georgette was the only surviving child of this marriage, and never having known her own mother, gave all her affection to the aunt who became her father's second wife, whom she regarded as, and who was indeed, her mother in the truest and tenderest sense of the word. Being Rose's senior by thirteen years, and of strong religious sentiments, she felt her father's antagonism in this respect deeply. She broached the subject of her little sister's baptism to the mother during a visit to Philadelphia, saying her father's opposition only regarded her brother Willig ; Rose being a girl,

counted for little in his plans and ideas. Mrs. Lummis agreed, and the ceremony was performed in the Episcopal Church by Bishop Odenhammer, so well known at the time in Philadelphia, a great friend of the Willig family. Rose had a distinct remembrance of the day, though, of course, she had at the time little idea of its import.

The advent of the railroad to Sodus Point caused Mr. Lummis to think seriously of building a house on the mainland, so as to be in touch with civilisation, the homestead to be kept as a retreat during the summer months, and perhaps a future residence for his son when he grew old enough to manage the estate. The family welcomed the change joyously. To be cut away from the world on an ice-bound shore for months, with a monotonous outlook of snow and the bare, bending trees of the lonely forest, made the heart grow weary for the sounds of life and the breath of Spring and the gladness of sunshine on the land—a feeling known only to those who have spent years in such surroundings, and with nothing but a stern sense of duty to uphold them in the struggle against flesh and blood. All this Mrs. Lummis bore with a fortitude and patience that none suspected, least of all the husband she adored, who, wrapped in his books and possessions, thought only of the home which he had made amid these unrivalled scenes, and which was to continue in his son and his son's son for generations yet unborn.

The change to even the proximity of a railway

station and a church were mercies for which to be thankful, and the handsome new home at Sodus Point was entered with bright prospects for the future. Mrs. Lummis interested herself in the village life, and the first Christmas gathered the children for a treat, having learnt to her amazement that they knew nothing whatever of the day, or of the joy and blessings it brought to the hearts and homes of countless millions all the world over. It became an institution; and for miles around, no matter what the weather, the children flocked for the Christmas tree, and for many a mite it was the one pleasant anticipation for the whole year. No one was forgotten by Mrs. Lummis on these occasions; old and young were made to feel that this was a season of love and thought for others, and she stamped this sentiment in the hearts of her children—especially in Rose, whose passion for the poor must have taken root in those early days. The whole household at Sodus was transfigured by the Christmastide; even Mr. Lummis was carried along by the sweet influence of his wife's devotion and her untiring efforts for the happiness of all around her. On Christmas morning he threw off his wonted dignity and reserve and presided at the distribution of the family gifts. No one could be more charming; he was gay, witty, and graceful, and Rose's happiest remembrances of her childhood were those Christmas days when peace and goodwill radiated from those she loved, and equally with the lowliest family in the village.

Many of the farm labourers and others were German or Irish emigrants, whom Mr. Lummis had met on their arrival in New York, and sent up to Sodus. He took a personal interest in each one, and helped on those who were willing to help themselves. The shiftless and idle drifted away to swell the crowd of undesirables in the large cities. Many proved ungrateful, but others are now thriving and well-to-do farmers in and about Sodus, shrewd business men, and no doubt future millionaires, all the outcome of hard work in the land of their adoption.

Many prominent Southern families came to settle in the neighbourhood with their slaves, and through the summer there were pleasant glimpses of social life. The families were far apart, and visits were made in a new fashion. Rose remembered going with her mother and her aunt, Mrs. Ellet, the writer, and Mr. Lummis' only sister, on a round of calls which lasted a week. They started in the carriage, spent a night at each friend's house, continued next day to pay their devoirs to the next nearest neighbour, and so on, until all the calls had been made. It was the age of old open-hearted hospitality, graceful and sincere. The advent of a friend was a joy and a compliment. Rosie only remembers being allowed once to go on those delightful expeditions. A beautiful and beloved doll was also allowed to accompany the party, and at one house at which they called, the little girl of the family naturally fell in love with Rosie's treasure. When leaving, Mrs. Lummis

noticed the child's admiration, and, with her usual kindness of heart, whispered to Rose to offer the doll to her new friend, and Rosie, being accustomed to obey, promptly did so. When they had left the house, and Rose had time to think, she grew ominously silent, then tears fell, followed by piteous wails for her dollie. The ladies tried every effort at consolation, but in vain, until Mrs. Ellet cried virtuously: "But think, Rosie, how good you have been in giving that little girl your doll!" Louder and more heartrending came her niece's lament: "Well, I will never be so good again!" This story Rose used to tell with great gusto against herself when reproached for her lavish generosity to all who sought her aid.

II.

As Rose grew in years her health improved ; she loved the free out-of-door life, long walks, and drives in that lovely district of wood and water. The surrounding country was interesting. It was in this neighbourhood that Joseph Smith was supposed to have had his revelations from the Angel Gabriel, and from thence he had started out on his march to the West, with his band of proselytes. Rose remembered hearing her father denounce the Government for the laxity of its principles and neglect of duty with regard to the Mormons ; and his indignation found an outlet in several scathing leaders in the county paper, the editors of which eagerly welcomed the opinion of the able amateur, who was a recognised authority in the county on all matters literary, legal, and political. Mr. Lummis was not only an omniverous reader, but blessed with a remarkable memory. He would come on a long poem or passage that had attracted his fancy, and after studying its beauties he would often seek his wife, repeating to her every word accurately, and never afterwards forgetting it. Shakespere's plays he knew thoroughly ; he seldom paused for a quotation ; and Rose imbibed her love and admiration for the great master from those early days. Her literary taste was cultivated and fostered, and her

memory well retained the valuable lessons learned from her father at an age when girls are absorbed in fairy tales or their dolls.

At the age of twelve or thirteen Rose passed two winters at St. Louis, with her aunt, Mrs. Lord, in order that she might attend the classes of the well known "Mary Institute." Her talent was instantly recognised; she had clever girls as competitors, all of whom were her seniors, and she threw her whole heart into her studies. Her life at that time was of Spartan severity; she rose early, an hour being spent at the piano before breakfast, the soft pedal deadening all sound so as not to disturb the sleeping household. She left for school before her aunt or uncle had appeared at the breakfast table, and only returned late in the evening, as the school was a long distance from Judge Lord's residence. Her aunt, who was much in society, saw little of Rose, except for a short time before dinner each evening, when she took great pains and pride in cultivating the sweet voice, which seemed the replica of her own. Dinner lasted never less than two hours, which was indeed an ordeal for a girl of twelve, who held her uncle, the severe and stately Judge, in awe. Outwardly indifferent to children, he was secretly much interested in his young niece, and to her alarm and surprise spoke one day of adopting her. Astonished though she was, this did not lessen the constraint she felt in his presence, and eagerly she awaited her aunt's signal, when she might retire from the table and fly to her room with delight, to her

solitary studies. Her aunt and uncle seldom spent an evening at home, and thus Rose was free to occupy the time as she pleased. How few girls would have spent those hours as she did! Deep into the night she pored over her books, conquering her drowsiness by wrapping a wet towel around her head. As might be expected, this eventually told on her health, and her mother thought it prudent for the next few years to keep her under her own watchful care.

When at length the question arose as to sending Rose away from home to school, Mr. Lummis emphatically refused his consent. The very thought of any member of his family leaving Sodus was an insult. For years his wife had this trial to endure. Each visit she paid to Philadelphia meant a struggle for weeks before she had wrung permission from her husband. That he should oppose the idea of his daughter being educated away from home, meeting girls of her own station in life, and seeing something of the world beyond the rustic, if picturesque, life at Sodus, never dawned on the mother's mind, much as she had experienced her husband's peculiarities. Her unfailing gentleness and sweetness finally won in this instance, as in many another, and for the first time Rose was separated from her mother for any lengthened period. It was a mutual sacrifice.

"St. Mary's Hall," the famous Episcopal school at Burlington, New Jersey, was ever enshrined in the girl's memory. It was at that time under the special influence of Dr. Doane, father of Mgr.

Doane, and the present Episcopal Bishop of Albany (New York). Here was first noticed Rose's strong and lasting influence on those around her, an influence always exercised for good, and fully appreciated by those in authority. Those who loved her once loved her always. One of her school friends, a Virginian, corresponded with her to the day of her death, though they never met after their parting at St. Mary's nigh on forty years ago. Writing of those days this lady says :

" In the year 1860 my father placed me at the " Hall," to remain two years, making all financial arrangements to that effect. In April, '61, when the first gun at Sumter sounded the tocsin of war, my father cast in his lot with the Confederates, and saw no reason to recall me from St. Mary's, where I remained till late in '62. Restless and miserable, cut off from even correspondence with home by the cessation of all mail communication between North and South, was it any wonder I was morbid? Just then the teacher who had charge of my dormitory informed me that she wished me to vacate my bed and pet corner for a new pupil. Very much insulted and indignant, I was too proud not to acquiesce quickly, determined to be very unfriendly to the usurper, who soon arrived. I liked her appearance and manner at first sight, but I strove hard to resist myself. She had heard how I was ousted, and soon came to me, and assured me it was by no wish of her's. My dignity and reserve melted away before the sweetness and gentleness of her manner, and it

was not many days before she had no firmer friend in the school than I; indeed, I was never happier than when with her. Such was her influence that I was changed from the restless, unhappy girl I had been to a more endurable being, despite my trouble and isolation from home. I often wonder what that time would have been to me but for her thought and affection. To give one instance of her kindness (I might give a hundred, but one will suffice): For eight months I had not received a line from home. The custom of giving out the mail to the pupils was that the principal, Mr. Smith, would go into the schoolroom just after dinner, and call out the names of those who had letters, and then deliver them. Of course, for all it was a most pleasant anticipation. Rose never failed to be waiting for me at the door, and would induce me off in some other direction, and entertain me so well that I would forget the absence of letters, she foregoing the pleasure of her own post until afterwards. Many instances of the same kind come crowding into my memory, which I might tell. At the time she was of about medium height, and rather distinguished looking; her hair, black and very curly, and waving on her forehead, was caught up over a comb, and fell in a perfect cascade of curls at the back of her head. There was a sweet, gentle dignity in her manner that all acknowledged, girls and teachers. Mr. Smith often congratulated her on her good influence over my rebellious self. I was well known as the "rebel" at school, and as

the war feeling grew stronger, many a slight and taunt I had to endure on account of it. Surrounded by those who thought it a disgrace to be a Southerner, harassed by every rumour, impossible to get home, I was irritable, and no doubt ever on the alert to fight for my colours; I always felt that somehow Rose was on my side, yet I could not get her to acknowledge it, and never really knew, until years afterwards, that she was in full sympathy with us. Indeed, her sweet friendship is the one ray of sunshine which has come down through all those years out of that dark time. I shall never lose its bright remembrance. Her stay at St. Mary's must have been a pleasant memory for her; she was so highly regarded by teachers and companions. When she left us one April day in '63, I shall never forget my grief, although I had no idea it was for ever. Her letters during the summer were my greatest pleasure."

Rose's life at St. Mary's was, as her friend writes, singularly happy. Study was a passion; she stood high in her classes and in the esteem of her teachers. Her affection and sympathy for the impulsive, warm-hearted Southern girl was characteristic of her ardent, loyal nature; she was always ready to defend the weak or the unhappy. Her sympathy with the Confederate cause came to her from her father, who thought the Republican policy at the time unjust and outrageous. The Northern papers were vulgar and exaggerated in their fulminations against the enemy, inciting the people to hatred and vengeance, and

calling on the army to crush the South out of existence. Mr. Lummis' instincts prompted his sympathy with the planters, whose large estates, charming homes, with their refined and open-hearted hospitality perpetuated, to his mind, the most picturesque traditions they had brought from the old England of the Royalists. When, again and again, some fine private library, the collection of enthusiasts, and the work of a generation, would be carried out on the lawn of some historic Southern mansion, and wantonly set on fire by irresponsible soldiery—many the scum of society—Mr. Lummis' indignation knew no limits. Most valuable paintings, relics, and priceless old furniture, carried from the ancient home in England by the Colonists, perished in like fashion during that unhappy time. Rose had heard those thrilling tales discussed with burning eloquence around the fire at home, and was ready to feel for the handsome, dashing, unhappy Southerner whom she had driven from the one spot in the school she cared to possess. Rose opened her heart to comfort this sensitive and lovable little rebel, her father in the thick of the fight, her own home occupied by the Northern soldiers. It was like her prudence and good sense, even at that time, to conceal from her impetuous friend her real sentiments on the civil war. We shall find the same prudence shown later on in her life, when she had to quell quarrels, and often keep families from being rent asunder.

Rose had always attended the Episcopal

Church with her mother, from whom she received many pious and noble inspirations. Dr. Doane's instructions to the girls were of deepest interest to her; yet Rose, loving and revering all at St. Mary's, could not conscientiously be confirmed in the Episcopal Church. She attended the classes, it is true, most faithfully, but when it came to the last, she asked for explanations of some doctrines she could not understand, and the answers she received not being satisfactory, she refused to become a member of a church in which she did not fully believe. The authorities were surprised, and arguments were used, but all in vain; where she thought she was right Rose was immovable.

This in no way affected her respect and admiration for Mr. Smith, for whom, as a clergyman and as Principal of St. Mary's, she always spoke with sentiments almost of veneration. The discipline maintained, the high standard of honour in the school, and the hard work of the pupils without the stimulus of either prizes or holidays, were subjects to which she often referred in after years as ideal, and due in no small degree to the strong moral influence of the Principal. That this was no passing impression was shown by the fact that when, more that thirty years later, Rose met an old lady who had once been on the staff at St. Mary's Hall, and who, in speaking of Dr. Smith, made some slighting remarks as to his conduct, Rose not only scorned to believe them, but was so indignant that she never again wished to see her informant.

In leaving St. Mary's, she had fondly hoped that her father would consent to her return for another year. On her way to Sodus she spent some days with her uncle's family in New York. Her father's brother, Mr. William Lummis, had inherited the family love of Sodus. He, too, had secured a large tract of land along the lake, and hoped some day to settle down quietly there, like his elder brother. He had married a Catholic, and his children were brought up in the faith of their mother. It was a new experience in Rose's life to find herself in the midst of this large, laughter-loving family of cousins, who received her with open arms. Her aunt greeted the girl as her own, and won in return a deep love and admiration that lasted until her dying hour. It was a merry party of boys and girls, and Rose was the centre of all the fun and frolic of those happy days. Her witty tongue was ever ready with pointed sally, and quick as a flash came back a clever retort or joke from the cousins, so like and unlike her in the diversity of their talents and up-bringing. Rose never forgot that visit to New York; the mutual affection and intercourse begun in those sunny and seemingly thoughtless days took root, and proved one of the greatest comforts and lasting pleasures of her life.

It was about this time that an interesting and amusing incident occurred which naturally impressed a girl of Rose's years. Passing through Philadelphia, she was to spend the night with her grandparents, and arriving in the late evening, found the family preparing for the opera. It was

during the visit of King Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, to the United States, and the "Quaker City" gave a cordial and graceful welcome to the English heir-apparent. A gala night at the opera, and the first appearance of a new star, was one of the features of the royal visit. Thither the family were about to proceed when Rose, in her schoolgirl's dress, arrived, all unconscious of the exciting events in the town. Miss Rose Willig loved her niece tenderly, and to leave her thus alone while all her world were at the play seemed cruel and heartless. The girl loved music with all the intensity of her family, and who could deprive her of such a treat? The timid suggestion that Rosie should accompany the party met with most reasonable objections as to the impossibility at that late hour of procuring a suitable dress; but this trifle the devoted aunt brushed aside. Without further ado, she took possession of her astonished, timid, and delighted niece, and with a deft touch draped the girl's shoulders with some fine old lace, set the beautiful mass of shining, dark curls falling in rich luxuriant ripples, and the next moment Rose was in the carriage, actually escaping criticism, having won approbation and consent! Once seated in the box, directly opposite the Prince and his suite, and with her head and shoulders alone visible to that critical, and, to her young eyes, dazzling house, Rose forgot everything but the bliss and anticipation of the hour. She was studying the Prince, whom she thought like many other boys she had seen, and the Duke of

Northumberland a nice old gentleman, when Patti appeared on the stage, and there was no thought for anyone else from that moment. There she stood, so young, so lovely, so bewitching, while the rich, sweet voice rang through the house, a voice such as no one who heard it that night could ever forget. Rose sat absorbed and silent, completely transported into a world of music, youth, beauty, and happiness, and only came down to earth with a bump when all was over. Descending the staircase of the theatre, she was greeted by some girl friends, all radiant in their fine feathers, the masterpieces of a smart *modiste*, which made her suddenly conscious of her impromptu attire. No one seemed to notice it, and when she confided her feelings later to her aunt, she was assured no one looked half so smart as she, which she tried, but in vain, to believe.

Rose returned to Sodus with joyous anticipation of a long, glad summer with her family, and of returning to St. Mary's in the autumn ; but she was doomed to disappointment. Her father having reluctantly given a first consent to her leaving home, absolutely refused to listen to another appeal of the like nature. It required all the devoted mother's love and sweetness to console Rose in this bitter trial. However unreasonable or unbending her husband's conduct might be, her duty must be to shield it from the criticism of her children. What she thought, what she endured at such times, was known only to her own soul and Almighty God. To her

children her husband's authority was upheld and unquestioned. As she was the perfect wife, Mrs. Lummis was the model mother, and the love and veneration of her daughter Rose never failed her. Through that intense love the girl was now won, and made to see her father's refusal in its best light. She resigned herself to the inevitable, and following her mother's example, took an interest in the poor, taught in the Sunday School; and one of her happiest memories in after years was accompanying her mother from church, and their pleasant, confidential talks on these occasions. Rose was naturally pious, and though spiritually there was to her little consolation or help in her religion, her mother's example was her guiding star, her merest wish the girl's happiness, and in consequence her aid and sympathy were always to be relied on in any matter affecting the parish. She soon became known in every cottage in the district, and in all her efforts for the poor, the children especially, Mrs. Lummis was her invariable adviser and confidant. She watched her daughter's advancing years anxiously and secretly. The dread of the omnious eighteenth birthday, of which the doctor so long since warned her, was seldom far from her thoughts. The mother's fears seemed groundless at the moment; though never very strong, Rose was seldom ill, and full of life and energy. She entered into all the pleasures around her, and was a welcome guest everywhere. She sang with great sweetness and feeling, and danced with much grace and spirit.

Her laugh was like music, merry and contagious, and her conversation was bright, deep, and interesting. Standing at this moment "where the brook and river meet," how little one could foresee the future life toward which she was all unconsciously drifting.

III.

THE advance of Spring, the bursting into life again of frozen lake and bay, the sunshine on the waters, and the first bird-note in the woods, were moments of bliss to Rose. It meant a truce to the wild winds, the bitter, enervating cold, and the dreary, monotonous life and outlook of the long winter months. Summer was not far off with its sunshine and its gladness, and the merry meetings of friends and relatives, who were always welcome guests at Sodus.

To Rose the annual arrival of the New York cousins was an unfailing delight; there were six Lummis children who, with their parents, occupied the greater part of the village hotel, with generally a friend or two in their train. There were excursions on the lake, pic-nics on the islands beneath the welcome shade of the glorious chestnut woods, joke and banter, songs and catches, discussions and controversy on those sunny days, all the natural outcome of the constant intercourse of a bright, clever, congenial party of young people. The prime favourite and friend of all was William Pardow, a nephew of Mrs. William Lummis, then a lad of seventeen. His unfailing good humour and sweetness of temper, his droll waggery and animal spirits, joined to sterling worth and

sincerity, charmed all with whom he came in contact. His influence for good with those around him was as unconscious as it was strong. Those holidays at Sodus are still lovingly remembered by the Lummis cousins, and William Pardow declared they were the happiest days of his life, while for Rose they changed the whole current of her subsequent thoughts and actions.

The summer of 1862 had been an exceptionally happy one, and on the last day of the holidays the whole party had gone to spend it on one of the islands. Rose as usual flung her whole heart into the day's enjoyment, clinging to the last moment to the pleasant hours that for her she knew must end on the morrow. Standing apart, looking down reflectingly on the bright scene, William Pardow joined her to tell her a most astounding piece of news. On his return to New York he intended entering the Jesuit Noviciate. His mother alone shared his secret. Her amazement at first, and then her horror, were great. She knew nothing of religious orders beyond a vague idea of monks shut up in monasteries, and that this bright, clever boy should spend his life in that manner was abhorrent to her artistic, ardent temperament. She burst forth impetuously into denunciations against this incomprehensible sacrifice, being moved even to tears; but all her objections were met with a sweetness and patient earnestness which showed her this was no mere momentary fancy or boyish whim. There was little time for further argument; the

boats were preparing to put out for the mainland, and as the matter was still a secret, Rose had to hide her emotions, and hurrying down to the beach, joined the others, whose jokes and songs still echoed the day's mirth and gladness. William Pardow left Sodus on the following morning, and as his final token gave Rose a copy of Butler's penny catechism.

With his going came many thoughts; she saw things in a new way hitherto undreamed. The boy stood out as compared to all whom she had ever known; his invariable unselfishness, the angelic sweetness of look and tone, and now the renunciation of all the world held in store for such as he. Only the Catholic Church could ask such a sacrifice, and what is more, receive it, from such a soul, and in such a spirit!

"I was a Catholic from that moment," Rose said, years later, speaking of this event in her life. "The little catechism was now my sole instructor; I read chapter after chapter slowly and carefully, hunting up the references in my own Protestant Bible; and as I read my only wonder was why I had not become a Catholic long ago, seeing the truth as it really was."

Almighty God, in giving her the gift of faith, sent with it the great trial to her affections. Rose's love for her mother predominated every other feeling. She had no thought unshared by her; she neither wrote nor received a letter that her mother did not read, and now at this supreme moment they were separated.

Mrs. Lummis was spending the month of

September with her sisters at Cape May, and affectionate consideration for her pleasure deterred Rose from writing the doleful tidings of her change of faith ; but her strict sense of duty, and of what was right and what was wrong, impelled her not to hesitate a moment. Even as a child, she was guided by a tremendous will power to follow duty unswervingly, with protest, perhaps, many times, but still she did follow, and never more fearlessly and unflinchingly than at this crisis of her life. Concealment was intolerable to her frank, honourable nature ; she had no one to help her at this moment but the boy who was on the eve of entering the Jesuit Noviciate at the Sault, near Montreal. She asked permission from her mother to write to him for a time, without showing her letters as usual, and the assent was given without a question or suspicion ; implicit trust existed between those two souls, one the exact counterpart of the other. The day William Pardow arrived at the Noviciate, he received Rose's note with the opening words : "*I am a Catholic.*" It never struck her as being strange to write "I *am*," not "I hope to be," for she felt she then was, and never seemed to have been anything else. In his reply, he said that on reading "I am a Catholic," he dropped the letter, and went at once to the chapel to thank God for this answer to prayer. He could not tell her how many masses had been offered and prayers said for her conversion, though in all their intercourse never by word or act had he ever suggested a hope that she might one day become a Catholic.

From this time Rose ceased to attend the Episcopal Church, and her sister Georgette felt she must remonstrate, fearing there was something wrong with her godchild, whom she loved so dearly ; and one day she taxed her with being a *Catholic*. Rose broke down, and acknowledged that she could no longer conscientiously assist at a Protestant service, but that she must conceal the fact from all until her mother's return. The sisters had a long debate, the elder saying all that she thought and believed of the Catholic Church which was not complimentary, and which she hoped would open Rose's eyes to the error of her ways and to the rashness of her decision. But seeing how vain were her best efforts, Georgette ended by being kind and helpful, even promising to break the news to Mrs. Lummis on her return, while Rose, meantime, was to write her daily letter to her mother without the least allusion to the sorrow she was about to bring on her she idolised.

With the late autumn came the ordeal. For the first time the mother's joyous home-coming was an anxious event for poor Rose, and her fears were but too well grounded. When the news was broken to Mrs. Lummis, and Rose was summoned to her mother's room, for the first and only time she went with lagging, reluctant steps. The blow was a heavy one, and mother and daughter wept bitterly during that unhappy interview But the girl finally triumphed, for with her keen sense of justice, Mrs. Lummis realised that this was a question between her

child's soul and Almighty God, and she left Rose free to act as her conscience dictated. One stipulation, however, she made—namely, that Rose must herself inform her father of her intentions. This was the climax, and the girl determined it should be done at once. At his door her courage failed, and it was only after repeated efforts that at last she knocked, entered, and in her characteristic, straightforward way, told the worst without preamble or apology. Dreading her father's expected frown, and anticipating some withering remark of scorn and contempt, what was her amazement when he gave his assent most willingly, declaring that if there was one true Church it was the Roman Catholic, and nothing had so much convinced him of the fact than what he had seen in the lives of her clergy. He spoke with admiration of the devotion of the New York priests during the cholera epidemic, when the clergy of other denominations fled from the dread disease; and once, going down the St. Lawrence, he had met two young priests, gay as schoolboys, on their way to one of the islands where small-pox was raging, and where to land at the time seemed certain death; but they spoke as if it were a privilege to be sent, when so many others had offered and were longing to go. Rose always remembered that interview with her father with gratitude, and before dismissing her, Mr. Lummis took her head between his hands and, kissing her earnestly, wished her every happiness and help in the faith of her adoption.

There was a long interval between Rose's conversion and her reception into the Church. Circumstances were such that she could not leave home. She had never met or known a priest, and if one ever visited the small Catholic congregation at Sodus, it was a matter of which naturally she would have been ignorant. It was only at the end of two years that her desires were at length gratified. The New York cousins fondly hoped that the ceremony would take place where they might all be present, and Madame Augusta Pardow, a member of the Society of the Sacred Heart, then at the Convent at Manhattanville, sent a kind invitation to Rose to spend some weeks there before the ceremony, where it would take place when her instructions were complete. This no doubt would have been a very pleasant arrangement, but meanwhile Rose had had a letter from Mrs. Lillie, a Protestant friend, who was spending the winter at New Haven with her family, begging Rose to pay them a long promised visit. The girl saw in it the much desired opportunity of meeting some priest who would receive her into the Church; but with her usual frankness, she wrote of her change of opinions with regard to her former creed, adding that if she accepted the invitation, it was with the intention of becoming a member of the Catholic Church while in New Haven. The answer of her hostess was prompt and cordial. Rose would be welcome under any circumstances; and with full consent from her mother, she set forth with joyful anticipations of all that the next few

months might hold in store for her. From her cousin, Florence Lummis, she received a letter of introduction from Monsignor Preston, of New York, to Father Robert Hart, at the time well known and beloved in New Haven. This holy priest Rose ever held in highest esteem. His deep piety and common sense, with a thorough knowledge of the world, made him an excellent guide for her at this moment. She made her preparations with great fervour and earnestness, and the day before her baptism Father Hart spoke to her plainly of all the difficulties that lay before her. With his experience of character, he saw clearly the beauty of soul of this ardent, generous convert, and all she could and might do for Almighty God. Her life-long respect for the priesthood dates from this period; she who was to deal with such opposite types and varied nationalities, began her Catholic life with this peculiar respect for the "Ambassadors of Christ," and no priest ever left her presence, but that she knelt with childlike faith for his blessing.

Rose was baptised at the Convent of Mercy in New Haven, February 20th, 1865, in the presence of many strangers who, to her surprise, had assembled to witness the ceremony. Father Hart had rather demurred to giving conditional baptism, as Rose remembered so clearly her former baptism in the Episcopal Church; moreover, he had some knowledge of Dr. Odinhammer who, he knew, had held the Catholic belief on the necessity of the Sacrament. But Rose was determined to get, as she used to say years later,

"every grace she could," and to please her Father Hart consented. The morning following she made her first communion at the Community Mass quietly and simply, and that day marked a new era in Rose's life.

In later years she often alluded to her quick, fiery temper as a girl, and her first determination as a Catholic was to "wage war against it." How she succeeded we shall see in the subsequent acts of her life. The usual boy and girl quarrels in which Rose and her brother Willig were occasionally wont to indulge ceased from that moment. The change impressed Willig as entertaining, and stimulated him to exert all his powers to rouse the old fire and impetuosity of his sister, but all in vain. One whose memory of Rose dates from childhood, writing of her at this time, says: "She had a singularly elegant, brilliant, and witty mind, proud to a degree; with a well-balanced estimate of life's noblest possibilities. The unworthy, ignoble, and petty never seemed to come within her fine vision or spiritual grasp." As might be expected, Rose, with all her noble qualities, had what the French call "the faults of her character"; for her friend adds, "Dominion was her passion then; she would submit to no rival. Peerless she would and did reign over all who came in contact with her. The word 'saint' so often applied to her would not describe her exactly to a stranger; she developed that side of her character through great struggle and self-denial."

Generosity henceforth was the key-note of her life, and on her return to Sodus her first act was to give to the neglected poor of her new faith the blessings which she now realised were in the grasp of every Catholic. She enquired through the village and surrounding district, and learned to her surprise that there was a goodly number of her co-religionists scattered along the lake. Ubiquitous Irish were there, and one Ryan proved an apostle and her right hand man. He entered into all Rose's aspirations for the welfare of the small flock, whom he promised to collect if there was the least chance of having Holy Mass. Rose, full of enthusiasm, wrote to the nearest priest, begging him to visit the village, offering the Town Hall as a temporary chapel. After much difficulty he consented to come, provided ten Catholics could be found. Rose's keen sense of humour helped her in this, her first experience, as it did in many another in the zealous years of her life. She thought of everything, provided everything; and when the priest arrived after a long, early drive through the snow, only to find Rose and her faithful Ryan, his indignation and her confusion were on a par. He waited for a time, and then there was nothing to do but to hear the confessions. At that moment sounds of heavy steps came slowly up the bare stairs of the hall, and never was music more cheering to Rose's crushed sensibilities; then another, and another followed at nervous intervals, until *thirty* had been counted, Ryan exultant and telegraphing triumphant looks at Rose as the

confessions went steadily on without a pause. All anxiety being thus over, she went close up to the poor little temporary altar which she had arranged to the best of her scant Catholic knowledge, and forgot all in the happiness of her approaching Holy Communion.

IV.

Rose's conversion was a trial and disappointment to her friends, and through sincere affection and kindest motives, arguments were used and remonstrances made by those whose opinions she valued, and to wound whom was a grief. Among others was the Virginian friend, now Mrs. M. A. Pierce, whom Rose had known at St. Mary's Hall, and who, detained at school through the Civil War, was at the close of the year 1862 suddenly recalled home. The journey from Burlington, New Jersey, to Richmond, a distance of scarcely three hundred miles, occupied eight weeks. It was delay at this place and that; to go a few miles, and be obliged to retrace her way because the pass-port was not properly signed, was one of the many experiences which anyone with a knowledge of war can well imagine. At last she reached Richmond, a temporary resting place, as her Norfolk home was occupied by the Northern invaders. After three trying years the war was over, and as soon as postal communication was resumed the first letter of the warm-hearted girl went to Sodus Point.

"In a few days," she tells us, "came a reply, sweet and friendly as of old, but oh! it bore for me a sting. My friend had left our faith, and

was now a Catholic. I often wonder she ever answered my next letter. If it had not been just Rose she would not, for I very foolishly considered it my duty to take her to task for what I deemed her desertion of our church. She replied in the gentlest manner, and completely disarmed my belligerence; she sent me many books and papers on the subject, and I became so interested that sometimes I was greatly swayed to her way of thinking. Nothing, I believe, but my own mother, who was a saintly woman in her example and daily life, convinced me that in my own church where I had been reared I could be just as devout a Christian as she was."

Of all Rose's friends, the blow of her defection fell heaviest on the new clergyman, William Salt, whom she found installed on her return from New Haven. He had come to Sodus full of high hopes and grand aspirations; he was a good, sound, solid churchman, neither High Church nor Low, but a happy medium of regular orthodox Protestantism; and protest he did, indeed, against anything that savoured of Rome and Popery. Of Catholics he knew nothing except from hearsay, and that was bad enough; but he was primed in all the spicy anecdotes against the Church which are always new and never old. The few Catholics in the village and scattered through his mission along the lake were harmless enough, the Irish especially, whom he longed to get at and win over from their superstition. He would like to know these

people, even through curiosity, but they did not want him and made no secret of it. He thought of them the Sunday morning after Rose's return from New Haven, looking down from his pulpit on his own congregation, wealthy and cultured, but—he loved the poor, and the poor knew him not. He was speaking to them that day of their love one for another; of their duties to those depending on them; of those in need, in trial or temptation; and as he dwelt on the spirit of Jesus towards the least of the brethren, his eyes unconsciously fell on a face near him, a woman's face, sweet and beautiful—the face of a saint and a mother; gracious, loving, gentle, and with such an atmosphere of peace that only a soul living for and in God could win. It was at Mrs. Lummis that he loved to look as she prayed, and he often drew inspiration from the clear eyes that seemed to him to look straight at God. To think that a child of hers, with such a living example of the virtuous teaching of the church before her could fall away, could renounce the faith of her youth, and could—ah, strange depravity!—become a Catholic! He could never forgive her—he never would.

Mrs. Lummis had asked him to see Rose, but he would not promise. It took him a week to make up his mind. It was hard work; but a stern sense of duty at length brought him to the point, and he set forth one afternoon, severe and dignified, his lips set, but boyish and loveable, with all his apostolic indignation. He arrived at the house, stood a moment to quiet his emotions,

and rang nervously. The door was flung back, and as he stepped forward never did a more expressive back disappear within that handsome hall. Seating himself in an angle of the quaint, pleasant drawing-room, he had not long to wait. A soft step came towards him; the well-known smile, the gracious manner, the sweet motherly greeting of Mrs. Lummis soothed him at once; in spite of himself, his old cordiality appeared. Chatting of the village incidents, he had almost forgotten his injuries, when the door opened, and Rose, tall and striking-looking, entered gaily. She came forward, her grey eyes twinkling with mischief. As she looked at her mother, no one could mistake their relation. A world of love shone in that glance between mother and daughter, and as the Rector saw it all, his dormant indignation returned, for who but such a mother could retain affection for such a child! He went icily through the introduction, but Rose saw none of it. On the contrary, she talked of everything under the sun, and laughed from very gladness of soul. The stiffer he grew, the more confidential she became, the more merrily her eyes twinkled, and once she laughed so archly that an angry feeling took possession of him that she was actually teasing him. Another sally was too much for him; and with all the dignity his indignation would allow, he stood up and bowed himself out of her presence, never, if he could help it, to find himself there again. No sooner had he gone than gay laughter rang through the old house.

"Oh, mother, what fun to see his outraged dignity! I did so want to tease him and see if I could make him angry."

Her mother could not resist an involuntary smile as she answered: "You must not; he feels your desertion keenly on my account as well, and he is so good, so ardent, so sincere, one cannot know him without deep admiration."

"I know, mother, but he is so injured, he will never come even to see you while I am in the bosom of my family."

And she was right. The Rector got back to his room as furious as a man of his gentle nature could be. He was hurt—nay, outraged; but it was a just indignation. How like her mother, and oh, how unlike; and yet he could not deny her wit, her vivacity, and—yes, her undoubted cleverness. She, he mused, with a brilliant father and such a mother, reared in so cultured an atmosphere, steeped to the very lips in Anglicanism—she, a Catholic! Well, the whole thing seemed marvellous and beyond him, and he would try to put it out of his mind, and pray for light for her to see the error of her ways.

Months passed swiftly and happily. Late one afternoon in September he was returning from the bedside of a dying man, pondering on the vanities of all earthly dreams and ambitions, when he was aroused from his thoughts by the pleasant tones of a voice above him, and looking up, his eyes rested on the handsome figure of a gentleman on horseback. The Rector's face lighted with pleasure as he entered into animated conversation.

Mr. Lummis talked better than any other man he had ever known. Few there were admitted to the friendship of Mr. Lummis, and to everyone's surprise he had from the very first taken a strange fancy to the young clergyman. His great simplicity and earnestness appealed to the lofty nature of the man of the world, who lived in his books, and scorned all sham and pretence.

"What has become of you? I have missed you, and now have so many things to talk over. I have received a treasure which I want you to see—a rare copy I have been hunting for ever since I can remember."

Mr. Salt pleaded hard work, absence from home, and other matters, all of which were true, but ignored the real reason. Something told Mr. Lummis what was passing in the young man's mind, for he said laughingly:

"You are not afraid of our convert, are you? I should not be; she is harmless. When she has perverted her mother and me, then you had better beware; but till then——" and he waved his hand playfully as he touched up his horse and rode off, calling back, "I shall expect you to-morrow."

The following evening the Rector spent two delightful hours in Mr. Lummis' study, so charmed with one of their discussions that it seemed like old times. He was hoping to get away unseen, when, as he was going through the hall, a girl of fourteen came from the drawing-room. She was the daughter of one of his parishioners, and he now learned with

dismay that she was to spend some time here under the dangerous influence of this new convert. He showed a paternal interest in the child and told her he would see her often during her visit.

What all his inclinations and pleasure could not influence, duty accomplished without a struggle. For the next four weeks the Rector was a frequent visitor; he kept a severe eye on his little charge, dreading that hated Roman influence. Sometimes Rose appeared, more often not, but whenever she did, religious discussions would surely come to the surface. It was not her doing, he must confess; but his irritation found vent in abuse of her sin, and her justification would naturally follow. Her mother was usually present at these debates, and sat an amused and interested listener; the child was there too, flushed and furious that anyone should dare to be so rude to Rose, her idol.

One day, after a heated discussion, as he rose to go, his antagonist said calmly: "Perhaps you would not be so severe and unjust towards the Catholic Church if you knew somewhat of her doctrines and teachings. Will you let me give you some of our books and see for yourself? They cannot do you any harm, and they may teach you more toleration and charity."

He looked disgusted at first; then, seeing her hurt and sad, he said: "Well, if you wish it, I will look at them."

She handed him the *Imitation*, saying, "Everything I love and need is there."

He left, and for weeks they saw none of him. At last he came one morning, and asked if he might keep that little book some time; it required thought and study. The request was willingly given; and as the Rector was leaving he said hurriedly, "You have nothing else you would like me to read, have you?"

"Yes," she answered, giving him the only two books she had besides the *Imitation—Christian Perfection*, and *The Catholic Christian Instructed.* Nothing more was said on the matter, though he came and went, flinging a stone at Rome whenever he got a chance, and she was always ready with a Roland for his Oliver. As the ice broke, and the first breath of Spring came over the water a great change was gradually noticed in the Rector's bearing towards Rose. All his former harshness had disappeared; things dropped into their normal ways, and the old life by the lake was cloudless and happy.

Coming out of an Irish cottage one wild, stormy day, Rose met Mr. Salt on his rounds, and together they started homewards. Through the fury of the blast they battled onward, the waves breaking with merry resounding music against the cliffs. He went along in silence for some time, and then spoke.

"I was coming to bring you this," showing her a copy of the *Confessions of St. Augustine.* "Would you care to see it? And—and—I have finished the first volume of *Christian Perfection*, and would like to read the second." He seemed

anxious to be off, and when they reached the house only waited at the door to receive the "Rodriguez" and hurried away.

It was some time before he called, and then he casually asked Rose what she thought of the confessions. They spoke of the book, and Rose enquired if he had noticed that the last request of the mother of Saint Augustine to him was that he should remember her daily in the Holy Sacrifice. What sacrifice did she mean if it were not the Mass? St. Augustine evidently believed in prayers for the dead, which of course he, the Rector, did not.

"Perhaps I do," was all he said; and the subject was dropped.

Two weeks later, at a funeral service in his own church, speaking of the friend who had left them, Mr. Salt said: "We must not forget the dead. They like to be remembered; and, alas! how few of us ever remember them once the sods are laid over them, and we turn away from the churchyard. St. Augustine tells us that as he stood by the bedside of his dying mother, St. Monica, she asked him not to forget her; and to-day I ask you to remember the dead."

Listening to his words, Rose, who had accompanied her mother to the funeral service through respect for their old friend, was surprised at the St. Augustine allusion, and was interestedly waiting for the rest, when the Rector stopped abruptly, and the procession left the church.

The congregation remained seated as the coffin was borne away, Mr. Salt following reverently

behind. As he passed out of the church, he noticed Rose kneeling. She of all the congregation thought of praying on her knees for the poor soul. He was stung, perplexed. "Remember me daily in the Holy Sacrifice." Surely St. Augustine was one of theirs, and yet—and yet.

The following evening he called to see Mrs. Lummis, looking anxious and weary, but with his usual quiet smile. Rose received him in her mother's absence, and in a sudden pause in the conversation he said: "How did you ever become a Catholic?"

Rose looked at him in amazement, so abrupt, so strange was his question, and then answered very earnestly: "The goodness of the Almighty God and the beautiful examples of saintly lives I saw in that faith."

"What do you mean? There are no Catholics here that would be likely to influence you, I am sure."

"Yes, even here, if you knew them. See the fidelity of those poor Irish, their patience under every trial, their brightness, their joy even in every privation. But it was not to those I alluded particularly." And then she told him of the other and more powerful example and influence of a mere boy of seventeen.

The Rector left the house that evening armed and ready for the fight, the most severe and painful for poor human nature, the war between right and wrong, peace and strife, prosperity and adversity. The months that followed were the

most unhappy of his life. The old prejudices seemed unsupportable, the doubts and fears insurmountable, the light of faith dim and distant; but through all he persevered. When the hour seemed darkest, and the future most uncertain, he faced his congregation to preach the old doctrines that now seemed false and intangible, the calm sweet face of Mrs. Lummis always brought him peace and strength. She was always there and always alone, while the child to whom she was all the world was absent, without even a church or priest of her own faith to comfort her on these Sabbath mornings. He often marvelled if the mother felt the trial, and he determined to ask her. "Yes," she said, "it was one of the great sorrows of my life, and yet so marked has been the change for the better in the character of my daughter that I would not have her a Protestant now, even if I could. I thought at the time I could not bear it, and wondered what I had done that God should punish me in this strange way. Now I thank Him for His great mercy."

"Does not your daughter's change of faith cause a barrier between you?" the Rector asked interestedly.

"I feared it would; that was my great dread. Since her childhood I have shared her every thought. If she were away from home her daily letter never failed me. All her interests, aspirations, and pleasures were mine. Then one day came the extraordinary request that she might become a Catholic. I was deeply prejudiced

against the Church of Rome, and feared its influence. Fully aware of all this, she tried in every way to prove how greatly I was mistaken. There is a spirit of *noblesse oblige* running through all her actions. She is a Catholic, and therefore must be a loyal representative. She wishes all to see that I have gained, and not lost by her conversion. I will give you an instance to show you how even in little things she is ever on the alert. Her sorrow is as great as mine that she can no longer accompany me to church, but it has never failed that hers is the last look that speeds me as I leave, the first to greet me on my return. I was rather amused," Mrs. Lummis continued with a smile, "at a conversation I overheard the other day. My daughter has an altar which she arranges on Saturday. Occasionally her aunt secretly anticipates her, sending to town for choicest flowers for its decoration. Last week she was especially happy in her efforts. It was some feast day. When Rose saw it she was greatly touched, and said with some amazement: 'But, Aunt Rose, why do you take such trouble with my altar when you dislike my Church so much?'

"'If I thought that by becoming a Catholic it would make such a change in my character as it has in yours, I should not hesitate an instant.'"

"That was a wonderful admission," said the Rector, "for your sister's prejudices against the Roman Church are extreme."

"Yes," Mrs. Lummis replied; "it surprised

even myself; and the girl laughingly retorted: 'Can you not try it, Aunt Rose?'"

"And do you think it probable that she will?" he asked.

"I doubt it," Mrs. Lummis answered. "It requires more than a mere sentiment or longing to make so great a change; but were my sister convinced that our Church was not the true one, there would be no hesitation on her part."

And the Rector, going forth, wondered if he was convinced that the Church he loved was the one founded by the Apostles.

The summer brought the New York cousins to Sodus as usual, and for the first time Mr. Salt joined in their excursions. Returning one evening with them across the bay, he told them his favourite sister was about to pay him a visit; and, as a matter of course, a picnic to one of the islands celebrated her arrival. Never, it seemed, had there been such a day. The incidents were more humorous and thrilling than usual, and the sun was low above the waters when the party were ready to embark for the mainland. Standing alone, Mr. Salt looked sadly and longingly at the lovely scene. Then a determined yet happy light shone in his eyes, and turning abruptly, he made his way to where Rose was putting the last touches to baskets and boxes before having them carried down to the boats. It was his only chance of what he had to say, and it must be said to-day.

"I have finished your books, and — are

you surprised? — I, too, intend to become a Catholic!"

Not long after, Mr. Salt left Sodus, his one desire being to study for the priesthood. A letter of introduction to Monsignor Preston was his sole help in his new road of life. He entered the Seminary to begin his studies, which were finished at Rome, the spot he ever loved best on earth.

Father Salt's sister followed him into the Catholic Church, and became a nun. Though she died young, she lived to see her brother President of Seton Hall College, and Vicar General of the Diocese of Newark, New Jersey.

V.

FATHER SALT'S conversion taught Rose a great lesson ; it stamped her whole life in her dealings with souls, and gave her a deep and lasting devotion to the Holy Ghost. She who was to have so much to do with converts in the subsequent years of her life saw how God works without human instruments in souls that are sincere. As the result, she would never urge would-be converts, or influence them in any way. If asked questions on the teachings of the Church she answered with great clearness and earnestness, always giving the Bible as her authority. For the rest, she believed in waiting God's good time. She often repeated those words of Father Faber's that persons seeking the truth utterly without human help or sympathy were under the special guidance and protection of the Holy Spirit.

It was only after two years of study that Father Salt felt convinced that all his future happiness depended upon his becoming a Catholic and a priest, and in that interval Rose was learning more and more all the beauties and wonders of the faith that was now her passion, and which she longed to make known and appreciated by all the world. From the day of her baptism as a Catholic she had set the axe to the root of the

more serious faults of her character. Here is a copy of the resolutions she made at the time :

"*Resolutions made before my Baptism, Monday, February 20th*, 1865.

1. To try in all things to conform myself perfectly to the will of Almighty God ; to believe with all my heart that "He doeth all things well."
2. To endeavour, by the help of our dear Lord, and through the intercession of His Blessed Mother, to overcome myself, to conquer my temper and my pride.
3. To inculcate in my heart an ardent charity and a firm faith.
4. To try always to speak well of others instead of taking pleasure in ridiculing them or finding fault, blaming them for sins from which I myself am never free.
5. To pray earnestly for the holy virtue of obedience, to put down my self-will, my dislike to follow, or to listen to, the advice of others.
6. To overcome my strong desire of praise, my wish to be admired and liked above all others.
7. Never to speak ill of others, half hoping that persons may see in me the opposite virtues.
8. To try to do good to all, not for the praise or love I may gain thereby, but solely for the love and glory of our dear Lord.

9. To overcome all jealousy, all selfishness.
10. Never to listen to the blame of others, but to try to find good in all, and to see more clearly the evil that is in myself.
11. To read every day some chapter in the *Following of Christ*, or some other good book.
12. To endeavour, by constant prayer, to preserve my baptismal innocence, to be a true child of our Holy Mother the Church, and a good soldier of our Blessed Lord, faithful to Him even unto death.

"I know I can do none of these things of myself, but do Thou, O Blessed Jesus, pity and help Thy child. Holy Mother of God, sweetest Virgin, look upon thy child, intercede for her. Blessed St. Francis Xavier, Patron Saint, pray for me. O all ye holy saints of God, make intercession for me."

The voice of the Church was to her the voice of God; every rule and practice was observed with strict fidelity; the Lenten fast to which she was unaccustomed was rigorously followed; she did not neglect her confession, which was at first an ordeal; so conscientiously did she weigh all her faults and failings, she might easily have become scrupulous.

The priests came rarely to Sodus, and Rose had to take advantage of visits paid to non-Catholic friends in places where there might be a resident priest, or again in New York with her

aunt, Mrs. William Lummis, where she learned much from the bright, happy, childlike spirit of that truly Catholic household. Her great friend at this time was Pauline Pardow, William's younger sister. Alike in their spiritual aims as in their thorough enjoyment of the pleasures of life, they spurred each other onwards in determined desires towards perfection. In outward seeming a society butterfly, Pauline Pardow was even then planning with Rose how they were to become saints. No less lofty standards appealed to their youthful ambitions, their whole-hearted love of God, and their enthusiastic longing to serve Him. The remembrance of those early days was never effaced, for among Rose's papers we find the following carefully kept till her death :

"We Thy children do now solemnly promise Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, that we will, with Thy Holy aid, without which we can do nothing, hereafter be charitable in thought, word, and deed.

PAULINE PARDOW.
ROSE LUMMIS.

March 24th, 1866,
Saturday, Close of the Retreat."

This must have been the first retreat which Rose had made, and was preached by one of the Jesuit Fathers to the Children of Mary of the world in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, New York. Pauline Pardow had decided on entering the Society of the Sacred Heart, and in a

memorable visit paid to Sodus in the previous autumn the friends discussed the future in their long walks amid beloved scenes of bluffs and woods and sparkling waters, never more alluring than in those soft, dreamy days of the Indian summer. From the moment Rose became a Catholic she had but one desire, and that was to become a religious. Her attraction for the poor and forlorn drew her towards the Sisters of Mercy, and much as the friends mutually desired that their lives should be spent, if not in the same house, at least in the same Order, when they found that such was not to be, generous in all their spiritual desires, they agreed the parting should be a whole-hearted sacrifice. Rose returned with her friend to New York, and remained with her until she entered the Noviciate. A few moments before Pauline Pardow left for the Noviciate—then at Manhattanville—and Rose started for Sodus, they knelt before a statue of Our Lady in Pauline's room, and consecrating all their future lives to the service of others, they promised never to write or hold communication with each other except in moments of deep joy or sorrow; before the little altar the last farewells were made, and then came the parting of their ways, for never again, but once, were they to meet in this world.

The time had not yet come for Rose to take any decided step; to leave her mother was not possible, and ever keen to the duty she owed one to whom she was all the world, she would make no decision without her sanction and approval.

Meanwhile, she relinquished none of her fervour; she gathered the Catholic children and taught them catechism each Sunday. Mass there was none, and by her instructions and influence she kept faith alive in the old, and instilled it into the young. As often as possible on week days she arranged to have Mass in the Town Hall, when a priest could find an opportunity to visit the village. Her intense love for her family made her long that they too might know the blessings and happiness of the faith which had crowned her life with so many consolations. For this end she was willing to make any sacrifice. The following was found after her death among her private papers:

"All Saints' Day, 1867.—I offer to Thee, dear Lord, the sacrifice of my whole life to obtain the grace of the conversion of my dear parents, sister and brother, and aunt. I offer Thee, O Blessed Lord, whatever good I may be enabled to do; whatever sufferings I may endure for Thy sake; whatever slights, vexations, or injuries I may receive; whatever trials, even little daily ones, that Thou mayest send both now and then when Thou shalt be pleased to let me enter the religious life, to obtain from Thee for my dear family the gift of the true Faith. Hear me, O dear, dear Lord, and transfer to them, I pray Thee, whatever merit now or ever may be due to me, and let me, O God, suffer the torments of Purgatory thus unalleviated. O my most dear Lord, have mercy; accept my life, and grant to them the blessed light of the Faith! Have

mercy, dear Lord, have mercy on them and on me. Oh blessed Mother, intercede for them and me. All holy saints, friends of Our Lord, pray for us.—Friday, November 1st."

And now Almighty God was drawing this soul nearer to his heart by detaching hers from earthly affections, even the most sacred.

On the 8th April, 1868, Rose lost her mother, and that loss was the supreme and lasting sorrow of her life. Mrs. Lummis began to fail in the September of the previous year, and never was love and devotion more lavished on a mother than that which Rose gave her all through the long, anxious months of her illness. Though the daughter's love blinded her to her mother's serious condition, Mrs. Lummis herself fully realised that her life was slowly but surely ebbing away. One day she asked to be left alone, and after her death they found she had spent the time collecting her treasures, and arranging them in her own dainty, loving way as souvenirs for each member of her family. Not long before the end she said one day to Rose:

"Your father has spoken of my child's devotion, and thinks that when I am well it would make you very happy if we both became Catholics."

"And will you, mother?" Rose asked eagerly.

"When I am better, dear, then we shall see," was the soft answer. But she was never to be better in this world, and she met her death, as she had done every event of her life, with a calm, gentle fortitude that touched and influenced all

around her, bringing balm and resignation to the broken heart of the child to whom life was never quite the same from that hour. To the last Rose could not believe that God would ask of her so great a sacrifice.

That April morning, when her mother was borne across the bay to her last resting-place on one of the islands, was the saddest day of her life, and she could never afterwards speak of it without emotion. The island was part of the property, and here, cut off from all the world, and lulled by the sound of the waters, Mr. Lummis had arranged a tiny God's acre, where he hoped that he and his children's children should sleep their last long sleep. It was characteristic of the man, and his poetic if proud conceit. But never was the mournful procession more solemn nor beautiful than on that April day in 1868. There was an unusual brightness in that spring morning, the lake and bay lay without a ripple ; there was no sound save the splash of the oars, as the solitary boat, bearing the "angel of the house," slid over the silent, peaceful waters. A fitting close to the life of this saintly mother, whom Rose had never heard say one quick, impatient word, or even by a look show the struggle she must have endured during those self-sacrificing years at Sodus.

Her friends considered Mrs. Lummis' only fault was her extreme gentleness, and yet in that seeming weakness lay her strength and power for good with the household who revered and adored her. Years after her death, Father Pardow,

speaking of Rose and her work among the poor, said that to her mother she owed all her excellence, for "if ever a saint walked this earth it was Aunt Georgianna." One of the secrets of Rose's peace of mind and sweetness of character was in adhering to her mother's rule of never looking back and regretting mistakes or failures. When a decision had to be made, she used to say that one acted for the best with the light of the moment, and if afterwards circumstances changed and subsequent events proved disastrous, why bemoan actions performed with the limited knowledge at the time? Rose remembered seeing her father in one of his outbursts of anger, and, as usual after such explosions, he left the house with a farewell bang of the hall door that echoed expressively. Mrs. Lummis, as usual, sat unmoved, and after his departure Rose and Georgette, who were present, burst out indignantly: "Mother, why did you ever marry him?" Looking up with her sweetest smile, she said: "If it were all to be done over again to-morrow I would act just in the same way." What wonder that such lessons of serenity and patience should have borne fruit in the heart of her daughter, to whom henceforth she was the model and guiding star in every act of her life.

In this, her greatest trial, Rose needed all her mother's example of courage and calmness. Stunned by the blow, weakened by the strain of months of watching, heartbroken at her loss, her frail constitution broke down completely, and the first symptoms of spinal disease appeared, but

were not diagnosed until years later by a Canadian physician. Consumption was feared and travel ordered. She spent the winter in St. Louis, but it was of little avail, for never again was she to regain her old strength and vigour. A life of suffering began from this period. Slowly but surely she was entering on the royal road of the Cross, which she was to tread brightly, bravely, and unfalteringly to the last.

VI.

As we have said, from the moment Rose became a Catholic she had but one desire—to become a religious. Her sister Georgette had for some years been a member of an Episcopal sisterhood, and the love between them, alien as they were in faith and ideas, was deep and heartfelt. With Rose it was a blending of respect and affection; with Georgette it was a tenderness and admiration for the frail little sister, so many years her junior. No matter how far apart their lives, their mutual daily letters never failed, each sister being deeply interested in the works, aspirations, and success of the other. Rose's attraction had always been for the poor and the suffering, and now, when her mother's death left her free to follow her vocation, her health became a serious question. God's ways are not our ways, as we know, and how He guides our steps while we move blindly and strangely is one of the most marvellous things in our lives.

Just at this time Rose received an invitation to visit Canada. Her aunt, Rose Willig, who since her father's death and the breaking up of the old home at Philadelphia had come to live at Sodus, saw in this a pleasant experience for her favourite niece, and urged an acceptance. Mr. Lummis, who never approved of Rose's leaving

home, was in this instance quite willing she should see the country across the border. Simcoe lies in a valley about eight miles from Lake Erie, and the society at that time was refined and charming. Rose's wit, elegance, and grace attracted all to her, and her host, one of the most brilliant members of the Ontario bar, and her hostess, clever, piquant, and responsive, were most congenial. She both gave and received inspiration from such an association. Rose was in her happiest strain; her health improved, she took long drives; and pleasant excursions were made through all the surrounding country. When Rose had been in Simcoe two weeks the priest arrived from La Salette, twelve miles distant, to say Mass, and as she entered the poor tumble-down church her heart smote her. Poverty visible everywhere, and in the midst of it all, deep down in her soul, came the thought, the persistent thought: This is your mission, this is God's work for you; give up all and live and labour for these people! During Mass she prayed fervently, touched and grieved that our Lord should be surrounded by so much misery. She must have won the people's hearts that first Sunday, for during the remainder of her visit a good old Irishwoman came every Friday with two new-laid eggs, fearing "thim Protestants would have nothin' the poor young lady could ate." So little did Protestants and Catholics know of each other in those days in Simcoe.

The feeling that her vocation was to be found in Simcoe seemed to Rose vague, lonely, im-

possible. She fought against it, and with little prospect of its realization at the moment, thrust it aside and returned to Sodus. Ill-health again drove her to travel, and all out-of-door exercise had to be abandoned—a trial almost unendurable to an active, energetic nature such as hers. Her life hung in the balance, but she struggled on and in the Spring returned to Simcoe, where she learned to love the place and the people even more than at first.

Just as the struggle was fiercest, Our Lord stretched forth His Hand and drew her to Him through the Cross. Her only brother, Willig, had complained of not feeling well and urged her return ; all unconscious of his serious condition Rose set out by easy stages for Sodus. He met her some distance from home, thinking, as he joyously told her, that with her coming his recovery would be rapid. One look told her he was doomed, and she tried to conceal it from him. The weeks that followed were never forgotten by Rose. Her brother lost strength rapidly ; March brought the end, and with it came not only grief but anxiety. Willig Lummis had never been baptised, and now to tell him of his approaching death was the duty of the broken-hearted sister. She was the only Catholic of her family, the sole member who believed in the necessity of the Sacrament of Baptism. With her wonderful sweetness and tact she gradually opened Willig's eyes to his state spiritually and physically. He was a good man, but the false philosophy of depriving him

of all religious training in his youth led to indifference in his later years. He wished, he said, to lead a life of benefit for others should God prolong his days. He did not believe in death-bed repentance. If he were baptised it must be done publicly; only when all hope was abandoned could he consent to a private ceremony. When he heard the fatal news his one thought and anxiety was for the grief of his father, who was to see his last surviving son taken before him, and all his hopes and interests in life shattered. Rose always marvelled at her father's self-control at this time. He, with his strong, imperious will and impatience of restraint, bore this sacrifice without a murmer. Never once did he cry out against the decrees of fate; and the only time he broke down was when Rose told him that the end was very near. The old man, still severe and dignified, raised up his arms, and letting them fall listlessly to his side, said in tones of anguish, "And now my last anchor is gone." The scene appealed to all that was tenderest in Rose's character, and her admiration for her father's fortitude stirred her religious instincts to their utmost.

Willig Lummis was baptised on March 7th, 1878, by the Episcopal clergyman, as he wished to die in the Church of his mother. It was a sad and solemn ceremony, and all the family were present, even Mr. Lummis, who kept up unflinchingly throughout. Some hours later, when Rose was alone with her dying brother, he looked up earnestly and exclaimed: "Rose, was

it not beautiful?" It was a great consolation to her, and the silver goblet from which Willig was baptised she had made into a chalice, since then used at the daily Mass in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, London, Ontario. Two days later, kneeling by his dead body, she promised Almighty God that henceforth she would devote the remainder of her life to the service of the poor and neglected.

As soon as she had strength for the journey, Rose set out for Simcoe. She felt Willig's death was a punishment for her cowardice in not responding at once to the call that she felt was from God. The condition of Catholicity in Simcoe at this time was not encouraging. There was no resident priest to minister to the scattered congregation of seven or eight hundred souls. The town itself had an ill-repute along the railroad. Burglaries were not unfrequent, and later, when Bishop Walsh, then of the diocese of London, later Archbishop of Toronto, came to see Rose, he asked in astonishment how she ever had the courage to attempt work in such a place. She had heard from her non-Catholic friends of the low tone among the servants and indeed the young girls generally of the place, and it was at the earnest suggestion of her hostess and friend, Mrs. Fuller, that this first and dearest of all Rose's work was started. She began humbly with a class for young women, who came to her at night; and Rose, too ill to leave her room, taught them from her seemingly dying bed. The task appeared hopeless. The first instincts of

Catholicity were unknown to them, and she began with lessons in the Catechism ; but in suffering and discouragement she continued, and her class kept ever increasing.

It was at this time that her physician declared her illness to be irritation of the spinal nerves and congestion of the spinal chord, and that she would never be free from pain. An indiscreet friend told Rose that the doctor had also added that paralysis might be expected sooner or later. This cloud hung over all the after years of her life. She tried hard to be resigned, in the expectation that the blow might fall ; but God spared her this last and most dreaded trial. Her horror of being helpless arose from her dislike of giving trouble to others, for all her life she seemed most happy in ministering to those in need. After some months, Rose took possession of a pretty furnished cottage, the owner of which was leaving town for several months. This rare occurrence in a place like Simcoe was regarded as an encouragement to her prospects in giving larger scope to her efforts. She had always loved children, and through their influence she expected great things. "Win the children and you have the parents," was her motto. From henceforward they all came from the public schools every afternoon for catechism. They soon became her treasures and she their idol. She could do with them as she would. Sweetly, patiently but surely, she conquered the roughest boy, the most hopeless girl. No one was neglected, no one spoiled ; they were all her own ; each one was the favourite, the specially

beloved. Her love for those children was but her passion for their souls ; that love, begun in those first months in Simcoe, lasted until her death ; it followed them in their battles through life far from the scenes of their youth ; in their sorrows, temptations, and failures they knew she was theirs, and their letters brought her tidings of all that befell them. Her great warm loving heart knew no limits where her "boys'" or "girls'" interests were concerned.

The Rosary was always said publicly at three o'clock for those of the people who had time or cared to assist. The children arriving from the schools about that hour, all joined in the recitation. Once a week the young girls and married women met for prayers and instruction. The other evenings were generally occupied in instructing converts or young men and women who had not received the sacraments, and who were either ashamed or not free to attend the regular classes. Often those lessons began by teaching the adults to read. God seemed to bless all she did. As the months went by her works increased, and when the cottage she occupied was required, another was offered, and again a third, which were at her disposal for as long as she chose to keep them. One of these cottages finally became her home after her father's death, but meanwhile she rented it by the year, and lived from day to day, trusting in Almighty God to supply all her needs, especially for those around her, and her charity was boundless. As her father did not approve of her mode of living, her own allow-

ance was all on which Rose could depend; but her great financial ability and sound judgment tided her over many difficulties; indeed, her generosity gained her the reputation of having much greater wealth than was actually hers.

Though her health was uncertain, the amount of work Rose accomplished was marvellous. Her influence was soon felt, not only among her own Catholic people, but in every denomination in the town. She knew neither class nor creed; she became all to all, and her days were full with deeds and thoughts for others. Some one always wanted her, Protestant or Catholic. Her sweet, sympathetic nature, practical common-sense, and graciousness of manner were soothing and helpful to many a sad heart and toil-worn soul. Rose arranged quarrels, conquered wayward sons, won back dissipated husbands, and saved many households from ruin.

"She never found fault with you, never implied
You wrong by her right, and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town,
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown.
None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall,
They knelt more to God than they used—that was all."

At whatever hour people came, Rose was to be seen. "Dominus est" was her motto; she saw Our Lord in everyone and in every event, did it bring pain or pleasure. St. Francis de Sales became her model, and his sweetness, gentleness, and patience were apparent in her actions and in her influence and instructions.

The practices she gave to her class girls had charity and kindness always as their object:

1. To make ourselves voices of God—not of strife, ill-will, injustice, reproach.
2. To repeat only pleasant things, letting unpleasant ones die with us.
3. To speak of the absent as agreeably as if they were actually present.
4. To hold ourselves as the least and worst of all."

And then there are the little practices she set down for the use in Lent of her children who were learning from her the first lessons of a holy life:

To blame ourselves alone, not others.
To make at least one act of love to the Blessed Sacrament every day.
To take Our Blessed Lady as our model, and to try and act, look, and speak as she did.
To be faithful in little things.
To be considerate of others, helping them in their way, not ours.
To speak kindly of all and to all: there is some good in everyone; see that, and that only.
To be true in every word and act.
To speak gently and softly in honour of Our Blessed Lady's silence.
When we are wrong to say bravely and generously, "I am sorry."

To try every day in all trials to imitate the gentle patience of our Blessed Mother.
To imitate our Blessed Mother's charity by rendering a service pleasantly.
To imitate the patience of the Sacred Heart.
To say every day a little prayer in honour of the Sacred Heart."

Rose never believed in attempting too much; a little and well was her lesson to all. One thing at a time, one practice to observe, one prayer to say, one fault to conquer, and that well done, was all she asked. Prayer was her own bulwark against every assault, her unfailing comfort in all necessities; and she loved to teach those depending on her, the young and the old, a spirit of reverance and recollection when speaking to Almighty God. Here are some notes of her instructions to her girls:

"If we would speak the language of Heaven we must learn the alphabet here.
The sign of the cross is to us the sign of life, to the early Christians it was the sign of death as well, for often it led them to the stake, to the lions, to the dungeon, to torture and death in many ways.
When we make the sign of the Cross, let us make it slowly and carefully, realising that it is not an idle ceremony but the sign of our eternal redemption, and that we are calling upon the names of the three Divine Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Her devotion to our Lord in the Real Presence was remarkable ; and though deprived of Mass she was seldom left long without the Blessed Sacrament. The priest in his journeys through the mission came to Simcoe as often as possible to bring her Holy Communion, and her humility and gratitude were very touching and edifying to those who knew the inmost depths of her soul. To bring the Humanity of our Lord home to the people, to make His love and tenderness part of their lives, to teach devotion to His Sacred Heart, she strove with all the sweet eloquence of persuasion and example.

Though Father Dillon could only visit Simcoe on two Sundays in the month, he promised the First Friday Mass, and thus introduced the practice of monthly communion, which soon told in the changed lives of the people, and many date their conversion from that time. The seeds of piety began to grow, and the Guard of Honour was established with great success. Though the church was closed and the tabernacle empty in Simcoe, the members kept their hour of silence in the workshop, on the farms, at their domestic duties, at home, and thought and laboured for Him, the Prisoner of Love, as if kneeling in His Presence in some favoured church where He waited and watched for all who came to seek His mercy. And this was no mere burst of enthusiasm. The writer remembers being struck many years later by hearing a good old Irish woman in Simcoe speaking of her hour of prayer as a natural item of a busy day. It was for such

as she who were no saints that the devotion was established, and wonderful was its results. Rough manners, harsh voices, and coarse tongues softened and mellowed under the magic influence of prayer and the Sacraments. A Canadian religious, speaking incidentally of her girlhood, said that she should never forget those first instructions on devotion to the Sacred Heart which Rose gave in Simcoe, and the new world of love and piety they opened to those who had never known the Personality of our Lord, or His Blessed Mother, or His Saints. From those lessons she dates her vocation and that of her sister, and those of her two brothers who became priests.

On the eve of the First Friday confessions were heard for the town people, while the Holy Hour was kept in the church. Early next morning the country waggons came through the snows of winter and the heat of summer from the long distant farms with their loads of earnest communicants. They had risen at sunrise to enable the busy missioner to say his Mass and go to answer some other call many miles from Simcoe. No wonder these were happy hours for Rose, and that her zeal triumphed over every obstacle, illness, pain, and often intense weariness of soul and body. With increased spiritual opportunities for her girls she raised their standards, as we can see by the notes for her instructions. She had a horror of rash judgments, occasioned, no doubt, by what she knew to exist in a small community like Simcoe, and especially from her

daily experience with her own people, the old as well as the young. The appalling statements made of each other shocked and grieved her, and she waged war against so pernicious a spirit from the first. She had a happy faculty of seeing humour in most things, and also of drawing lessons from even the most absurd. Humour caught her own fancy, and served up in simple fashion, it did duty for her girls, attracting them to greater things. She used to quote the tale of "the man so wondrous wise, who fell into a bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes," and its philosophy appealed to her. And

> With all his might and main,
> He jumped into the bramble bush
> And scratched them in again.

Rose had set her feet firmly on the road, and there was no turning back. Every leaning to worldliness must be ignored; her beautiful hair was sacrificed without a pang, and the plain, unattractive habit which she henceforth wore could not altogether hide her stately grace or charm of person.

VII.

Rose had a tender spot in her heart for the Irish emigrant, though, indeed, she saw them sometimes in not too favourable circumstances. While her heart was touched by their sufferings in the past, her practical nature had little sympathy with some easy-going, shiftless specimens with whom her work brought her in contact. Many of the most prosperous of the congregation were children of the unhappy exiles driven across the Atlantic during the awful famine of the forties. By hard work in the alien land they had acquired farms and homesteads. But while they had fought the good fight, and even kept their faith, they had neither the time nor the knowledge to instruct their children. With a self-sacrificing spirit characteristic of these people in all that pertains to religion, they drove in from the distant farms an hour before Mass each Sunday to give their children the opportunity of Rose's instructions and catechism classes. In this way parents and children were drawn to her and she to them.

News reached the cottage one morning that a number of Irish people had arrived at the railway station, and there was no one to receive and help them. It was a detachment from an emigrant ship sent out by the English Government, and the colonists were being distributed throughout

Canada. The tidings spread about the town, and English, Episcopalians, Scotch, Presbyterians, and the Catholics from all the district came forward with offers of assistance. Feeling ran high; commiseration grew apace. There is no more loyal colony under the British crown than Canada, but this was a case appealing strongly to the exile far from his own home and kindred. Men remembered and spoke of Mitchell's description of the great famine; his words were telling at the moment.

"Last year, 1847," he wrote, "we recollect it well—a calm, still horror was over the land; go where you would, in the heart of the town or in the suburb, there was the stillness and the heavy feeling of the chamber of death. You stood in the presence of a dread, silent, vast dissolution. An unseen river was creeping round you. You saw no war of classes, no open janizary war of foreigners, no human agency of destruction. You could weep, but the rising curse died unspoken within your heart like profanity. Human passion there was none, but inhuman and unearthly quiet. Children met you, toiling heavily on heaps of stones; but their burning eyes were senseless, and their faces cramped and wizened and stunted like old men. Gangs worked, but without a murmur or a whistle or a laugh, ghost-like, voiceless shadows to the eye; even woman ceased to be womanly. The birds of the air carolled no more, and the crow and the raven dropped dead on the wing. Nay, the sky of Heaven, blue mountains, the still lake, stretching

far away westward, looked not as their wont. Between them and you rose up a steaming agony and film of suffering, impervious and dim. It seemed as if the *anima mundi*, the soul of the land, was faint and dying, and that the faintness and death had crept into all things of Heaven and earth."

Here was another such case close at hand, and Simcoe, always generous in the presence of affliction, gave gladly of her stores. Meanwhile an epidemic broke out among the unfortunate emigrants, and they were held in quarantine at some distance from the town. Rose's heart overflowed with sympathy ; she sent for the doctor and consulted how best she could alleviate their sufferings. Though a non-Catholic, he fully appreciated her kindness, and each morning on his way to the sick he called for all the delicacies which Rose had awaiting him. Her example stirred up others, and food and clothing were sent to "the Cottage" in such quantities that the doctor's trap presented a unique spectacle, loaded with such treasures as broth and jam and syrup, teapots, coats and bonnets, all which he distributed judiciously among the different families. Rose often spoke afterwards of the patience and good humour of the young physician, who gave up so much of his time and met with but scant gratitude.

When the emigrants were allowed into the town, then began Rose's trials. Like so many exiles from Erin, those simple natives of Connaught and Kerry thought their principal

occupations in America were to consist of the gathering of gold, and feeding on the fat of the land. At first, ignorant of these little delusions, the Irish residents in Simcoe gave with unbounded generosity. Houses free of rent were offered to the distressed, and such kindness was not only received as due, but shamefully abused. To work they were well able, but to beg they were not ashamed. Mothers came to Rose asking for situations for their daughters, "nice, aisy places, with good wages and nothin' to do." It was trouble and annoyance day after day.

One morning the Rector's daughter came with a quantity of clothing. Rose was at the moment surrounded by a number of girls with shawls on their heads, and thinking they would be pleased, she presented the Rectory hats, which were coldly rejected as "not becomin'." They had never known the luxury of hats hitherto, but evidently the latest style was what they desired and none other. Rose's sense of humour saved the situation. She was but going through the experience of other philanthropists at that moment.

In the neighbouring city of St. Thomas, the witty and kindly Father Flannery had opened his arms and heart to another band from the same ship. He walked the town seeking employment for the men. All the clergy of other denominations stood by him, then warned him of his folly, and finally teased him, but still he went on undaunted. At last he noticed, day after day, the same men came to his house for their meals,

and he descended on them one morning as they were enjoying his coffee and rolls. After impressing on them the necessity of labour in Canada, or its alternative, starvation, he ordered them out, never to impose further on his Irish sympathies. The men looked surprised, and then slowly wended their way. The priest walked back to his parlour, highly incensed, and as the idlers passed the window, he saw the ringleader of the lot look mournfully at one of his fellows, saying dejectedly :

"Musha, Billy, we'll have to work afther all!"

This story was told to Rose, who enjoyed it equally with its victim, and her ardour was but damped for the moment. The worst of the emigrants, seeing that Simcoe was not the El Dorado they expected, drifted into the States, where they probably learned wisdom in the busy, unsympathetic crowds of Buffalo and Detroit. Those who remained made the best of the situation ; the fates, however, were against them ; the cruel winter had set in, and employment was at a par. Then it was that Rose had to take them all on her shoulders. During those hard, bitter months of ice and snow she supported all those poverty-stricken families. Her father's death some time previously had left her free to increase her charities. The children came to her every afternoon for instruction, such mites as she had never known before —rosy-cheeked, unwashed, and ignorant beyond her imagination. She had to fight the demon of

drink with mothers as well as fathers, and for that reason she utterly refused to give money. The giving of orders on the shops for food and clothing was her invariable method of assistance. In regard to the temperance question, she was much in favour of a Canadian Act of Parliament passed at that time called the "Scot Act," which forbade the sale of drink to anyone without the certificate of a doctor. Its effects on the poor were immediate and startling. Within a week the children appeared in shoes, and a general air of well-being was discernible in families where hitherto the earnings went to the public-house. With the well-to-do, the Act had not the same desirable effect, and various abuses in its administration led to its repeal.

In the spring the City Fathers determined to carry out some public works, ostensibly for the benefit of the town, but in reality to give employment to the emigrants. A resolution was passed, publicly thanking Rose for her generosity to the poor and the strangers within their gates. Heedless of praise, she went her way quietly, winning the hearts of the little emigrants whom she was preparing for the Sacraments with all the other children. One Sunday morning she sent them all off to La Salette, the parish church, twelve miles distant, where the Bishop was administering Confirmation. She would speak years afterwards of the extraordinary stillness and peace of that Sunday. Everyone had gone to the ceremony, and she had the delight of one whole day alone. The following day Bishop

Walsh drove to Simcoe to see Rose and congratulate her on her youthful "band of theologians."

The period of the first communions, instead of ending her connection with the children—as, alas! is so often the case—did but rivet her interest in them. The careers of the Irish children Rose followed step by step: she procured them employment in the woollen factory, and such was the respect shown for her work, that the proprietor, a non-Catholic, of whom she asked permission for their attendance at the First Friday Mass and Communion, not only granted her request, but refused to reduce the wages for the hour lost from the factory. The lives of these young people deepened her belief in that saying of Thomas à Kempis that "circumstances do not make the man: they do but show what in him lies." With the boys, but especially with the girls, this was singularly exemplified. One of the Kerry children, Katie, entered Rose's service, and became eventually her greatest comfort and help, the daintiest cook, the deftest maid, the kindest nurse, the most discreet of portresses. Two of the Galway emigrants, sisters, who came, it is true, from low surroundings, and whom she sent to a convent, after promising well for a time, became a scandal to the neighbourhood. The third and youngest sister, Jane, after being given to a Protestant lady as a child, and brought up in that faith, seeing the life led by her sisters, came to Rose and begged her to save her. She was sent at once to the convent where her sisters

had spent some years; but unlike them, she profited by the good influence and training, and became a good servant and Rose's most devoted and grateful adherent.

It was thus also with the men and the women. She watched with interest the gradual evolution of the ignorant and irresponsible Irish labourer into the self-respecting, hard-working Canadian colonist. Work came, and the dollar a day increased, and the "bit of mate" was cheap, and the climate fierce and bracing, and the pig was reared and killed for home consumption, not sold as in Ireland, and the longing for a piece of land and a little home was fulfilled.

Rose was a willing listener to the tale of all their ambitions and hopes; she lent assistance when there was a sharp corner to be turned, and this was generally repaid. The children were sent to school, and the Irish wit and adaptability asserted themselves. With excellent educational advantages free, the sons and daughters entered the higher walks of life, and proved the extraordinary fact we all know so well, that Irishmen can rule everywhere but in their own country. One of the Kerry emigrants fell spontaneously into the pleasant ways of prosperity. He and his wife became Mr. and Mrs. to the world at large. Husband and wife always spoke of each other in that respectful and respectable way; and, indeed, the men at large forgot the free and easy salutation of Pat and Jim and Jack, and substituted instead the formal title with marked effect and emphasis. Rose saw and felt it all, and often

her eyes sparkled and her laugh rang merrily on occasions when a less noble and trusting soul might have wept. She prayed and toiled and loved them all, and as one of the best-known non-Catholic ladies of the place said to the writer :

" We all felt her presence in the very atmosphere of the town."

VIII.

PEOPLE at a distance often wondered how Rose could endure the apparently lonely life in a little Canadian town, shut off from friends and kindred and surrounded for the most part by the poor and ignorant. But her days were happy, full to overflowing with deeds and thoughts for others. In the prayer beginning "Divine Jesus, lonely to-day in so many tabernacles," to which she had great devotion, she substituted at the end of the phrase "fond child" for "lonely child," because she did not consider "lonely" applied to her; on the contrary, her one feeling was gratitude to God for the great blessings of her life.

There were days and weeks of suffering and enforced idleness; her spine would give way under the physical and mental strain, and sharp, incessant pain chained her to her couch for lengthened periods. It was at these times that her character was best known and understood; her patience and sweetness, her submission to the doctor's orders were admirable, considering how difficult was the helplessness to such a nature as hers—strong, active, and imperious. Never once was she known to murmur or rebel; she felt convinced that the discipline was necessary to curb her will, and that it was a kind Father's merciful way of winning to His love a wayward child. It

was thus that neither suffering nor trials left tell-tale lines on a face singularly sweet and noble to the end. Her merry laugh was always the harbinger of convalescence; her first thought was always for others, and to cheer the anxious household she joked and made merry. Her friend, Mrs. Wells, remembers coming to see Rose when she was ill, and telling her how on the way she had met Mr. X——, who walked beside her, and spoke of his admiration of her friend, saying he always thought of Heaven when he met Miss Lummis, and saw her eyes. Rose answered solemnly, "O Peg, how drunk he must have been!"

During those days of suffering one great solace was her taste for reading; indeed, illness gave her her only opportunity. It was by thus throwing herself, even in imagination, into the lives of others that she maintained her fresh, happy mind ever open to new impressions as to the sorrows, sympathies, and joys of all around her. She saw God in everything, and the reading which soothed solitary hours of suffering not infrequently gave matter for the morrow's meditation.

Nothing ever depressed her but sin, and this especially in those she loved. At a time when she had reason to believe that the parish was spiritually springing upward, and that things were hopeful and cheering, there came a blow that she was to feel for years. A daring, stupid raid was made one night on a jeweller's shop, and the quiet community was thrown into a panic.

Within a week, two of the most promising young men of the congregation fled; another turned informer, told where the booty was concealed, and implicated two or three Catholics in the robbery. The scandal was hushed up. The sympathy and delicacy of the non-Catholics at that time Rose never forgot; not an allusion was ever made to her, and it was a well-known fact that it was respect and sorrow for her that quelled all bitterness, and discouraged legal prosecution. At a much later period, one of her boys in whom she had a special interest, for his own sake as well as for that of his dead mother, fell into sin, and was tried and convicted. The Judge felt having to pass sentence on his youthful culprit, and wishing to act in a manner best for the lad's future, sent his wife to learn Rose's wishes in the matter. By her advice he was sent to a reformatory, and returned a changed boy, and is now a most respectable, prosperous, and trustworthy man.

As we have already related, Mr. Lummis died in 1882, and his daughter mourned him sincerely. She resembled him in his charm of manner and intellectual tastes, as well as in his high principles of integrity and honour. She remembered a lesson learned from him, of which she once spoke with much feeling. When her brother Willig was but a lad of sixteen, his father gave him entire control of his property. Some time afterwards Rose was present at an interview between her father and brother, in which Willig was giving an account of a business transaction

which he had made with one of the tenants. The boy expected his father would commend his prudence, as he seemed to have had the best of the bargain. To his surprise, Mr. Lummis refused to ratify the arrangement, on the ground that the tenant was an ignorant man, while Willig was the superior, and therefore must forget himself in the interest of the inferior. The boy advanced the theory that the man was his senior in years and practical knowledge, and therefore perfectly capable of safeguarding his own interests. But Mr. Lummis was inflexible; the bargain was broken, and Willig was told that henceforth in dealing with people less educated and endowed than himself he must consider their advantage before his own. This principle was carried faithfully into every detail of Rose's life, and though she was considered quixotic, the respect and veneration in which she was universally held owed its origin, no doubt, to this lesson learned from her father, of whom she was justly proud.

The property which Mr. Lummis had hoped would pass to his son was now the possession of his only surviving children, Rose and Sister Georgette. The first act of the former was to give to God and His poor. The Town Hall at Sodus, which was built by Mr. Lummis for the amusement of the people, Rose was desirous of converting into a chapel for the benefit of the little Catholic congregation. Sister Georgette at once generously offered her share in the good work, and even when the request was made for

land to serve as a future site for a rectory and schools, she was equally munificent. The Bishop of Rochester, the Most Reverend Dr. McQuaid, wrote, in accepting the donation, that he would consecrate the little church under the title of St. Rose of Lima. It was a labour of love, and the new chapel was simple and pretty, though poor, when the Bishop arrived for the opening ceremony. From that day Mass has been said at Sodus, and every Sunday the people recite the Rosary for their two benefactresses. The faithful Irishman, Mr. John Ryan, who gathered the first congregation for Rose, remained an apostle; he taught the children the Catechism, led the Rosary, and loved and laboured for the little church with an admirable interest and devotion. Rose's zeal in all that concerned the House of God was indefatigable. For years her great desire was to have a suitable church and a resident priest in Simcoe. When she suggested that one decade of the Rosary should be daily offered for that intention, the people almost laughed at the idea, so impossible seemed its accomplishment. But her faith in the Rosary was supreme, and through devotion to the Sacred Heart she dared all things. The old log church was in a forlorn state, the rain and snow coming freely through the miserable roof; and here Rose spent many hours before the Tabernacle in the heat of summer and the cold of winter. Now that her income had increased, her courage strengthened, and she offered substantial aid if a new church were possible at the moment. Father

Dillon hesitated at first; but encouraged by Bishop Walsh's sympathy and approval, he gladly consented. His Lordship came to lay the foundation stone, and to his appeal for funds the people responded with noble generosity. God seemed to bless all she did, and speaking of those days, Archbishop Walsh was wont to declare that Rose did the work of eleven priests; yet like all strong and ardent souls, she must have endured moments of discouragement. One Sunday morning, when she had been teaching the country children in the sacristy since nine o'clock, she felt very weary. The church was cold and draughty, and the Mass was not over before half-past one. Rose had put away the vestments and prepared the altar for the evening's Benediction.

As she stood by the sacristy door, preparing to leave, she looked out on the farmers starting homewards through the drifts—silent, stolid, determined. The snow was falling heavily, and the scene was dreary in the extreme. Rose's heart smote her sorely. Was it worth it, that she should bury herself in such a place, and endure the horrors of such a climate? She, with her wretched health, might well be excused from such a life. Were her friends not right, after all, in wishing her near them, in the midst of congenial society and surroundings? Suddenly, through the snow, came an Irish farmer's wife, wreathed in smiles.

"I just ran in to say, God bless you for what you are doing for us all," she said. "The

children come home and tell us all you say as we are sitting round the stove at night. Maybe you think you are doing nothing, but sure 'tis teaching the whole parish you are, and 'tis we that want it. May the Lord reward you for coming to us!" And the honest soul hurried back to the sleigh awaiting her, and Rose's eyes were wet with tears; taking heart, she went forward with her wonted joyousness. No wonder she so often spoke of the power of a kind word!

The work of the new church progressed rapidly. Its existence assured, Rose thought the time opportune to make application for a resident priest. She assembled the leading men of the congregation and consulted with them: some were doubtful at first as to the possibility of the project, but in her practical manner she went into all details of ways and means, and sent her councillors as a deputation to Bishop Walsh, bearing the account of the receipts and expenditures of the mission. The Bishop would only guarantee a priest on the condition that the parish could afford him at least four hundred dollars a year—that is, about £80—but, he added, he scarcely liked to ask any priest's acceptance of a church that brought to him less than five hundred dollars. This sum, equal to £100, Simcoe was willing to give, and to the joy and surprise of all a resident priest was immediately assured.

IX.

THE desires of her heart gained—Simcoe, a pious, thriving parish, with its fine church, a priest to look after her beloved people, it was represented to Miss Lummis that now she might with justice follow her long-cherished desire to become a religious. Acting solely through obedience, she prepared to leave all and go.

For God alone she had come to Simcoe; for His greater glory she now turned her back on what had been her life and happiness for many years. There was not a man, woman, or child—Catholic or non-Catholic—in the town whom she did not know, or that did not love and respect her; she had had moments of deep sorrow, but her consolations, spiritual and temporal, far outweighed her pains and disappointments.

The weeks that followed her decision were dark and drear; no one, perhaps, suspected in her the struggle, the long prayers, the longing to know the will of God. Hitherto she had walked in light and sunshine and knowledge: now had come the hour of trial and abandonment. The Blessed Sacrament was the great solace of that time; only God and His Angels witnessed her anguish, but the child-like, trusting faith never failed, and in doubt and darkness she arose promptly and followed as she was directed.

Fearing opposition from all sides, she kept the matter secret until the eve of her departure. Father Dillon hastened to Simcoe at the first tidings, and in his warm-hearted, impulsive, Irish manner asked Miss Lummis to contradict the rumour. He paced the room, argued, pleaded, but seeing all was in vain, he left the cottage without a word of farewell and without giving the blessing that had never failed her in their years of intercourse for the welfare of others. Bishop Walsh was in Rome at the moment, and only on his return did he find Rose's letter awaiting him. It was then too late to do anything as she had already left Simcoe, but had she known of his sentiments in the matter she would never have left without his permission and approval. The parting with all at Simcoe was a heartbreak, but the wrench, the great grief was the doubt in leaving the souls whose welfare was her very existence. Once, speaking on the subject, she said wistfully and with great sweetness: "The first question I shall ask of our Lord when I reach Heaven is, did I do right in leaving Simcoe?"

Rightly or wrongly, she acted, as she thought, for the best, and under the guidance of those whom she revered as saints. Her own personal desires led her to a religious life; her love for the poor and neglected was the bond that bound her to Simcoe.

Miss Lummis entered the Society of the Sacred Heart at Halifax, Nova Scotia, her superiors there being in complete ignorance of the disap-

proval of the ecclesiastical authorities in the diocese of London. Though absorbed with new interests and surroundings, Madame Lummis had time to think of those who still looked to her for help and sympathy, as will be seen in the following letter addressed to one of her girls, now Mrs. James Maloney.

The dedication of the new church was at hand, and her friend, Mrs. Wells, though a non-Catholic, wished to entertain the Bishop and priests for the ceremony. The beautiful statues of the Sacred Heart, Our Lady, and St. Joseph, which Madame Lummis had had especially selected and ordered from Paris were being delayed at the Customs owing to some misunderstanding with the officials.

> My dear child,—Very many thanks for your welcome letter; you gave me so much news in it, and I am always so glad to hear of you all. My heart is always with you, and my thoughts and prayers follow you unceasingly. I hope you had the First Friday Mass to-day, and that very many went to Holy Communion. Tell me when you write. I wonder if the Bishop will go to Simcoe next Sunday, or wait for Mr. Wells' recovery; I wish he would wait, as the statues have not come from France yet, and I should so much like to have them there for the opening. Mrs. Wells says the church is beautiful. I am so glad. Do you remember how frequently I used to

say, "Oh, all will be different when we have the new church"? And now at last you have it, and it is even larger and finer than you ever expected to see it. Write me how you have the altars arranged; Father McGrath has a great deal of taste, and I am sure must take a deep interest in all. Father Dillon likes to see all look well, but does not know exactly *how* it ought to be done. Give my warmest love to all the children, and ask them not to forget me, and to pray very much for me. You were right, dear, not to take Kate's children, and to speak to her first; we ought to be very considerate of the feelings of others, and think far more of their rights than our own. Tell her I am very, very glad she has the town children, and that she must not "weary in well doing."

The opening ceremony was performed, and on his return to London Bishop Walsh wrote most kindly to Madame Lummis, telling her his impressions, and of his feelings as he looked around and saw the wonderful change in the place and people since the day he had first gone to see her from La Salette. Kneeling before the altar he had thanked God, and prayed earnestly for her. He added that he had that day "after much deliberation appointed Father Traher to Simcoe; a priest," he wrote, "eaten up with zeal for the house of God, and a gentleman who would be acceptable to every class and creed in

the town." The new priest was, indeed, after her own heart in thought and taste and ideas, and wrote to Halifax of all his plans and projects for the parish and people.

During the period that Madame Lummis remained at Halifax she carried on perpetually her instructions to converts, her night classes for waifs, her good influence with her "girl graduates," but above all her life in her Community was her greatest work. The old sunny, equable temperament, the merry laugh, the sweetness of manner, the charm and charity of conversation, the cheery endurance of suffering, and especially her beautiful spirit of prayer and patience, made her loved and revered at Halifax as at Simcoe. Her health, always so delicate, could not endure the ordinary observances of Community life, and it was vain to prolong the struggle. Madame Lummis asked and obtained from Mother Léhon, Superior General of the Society, permission to become an Associate, "carrying out the work of the Sacred Heart in poor and neglected missions, under the authority of the local parish priest, and with the counsel and approval of the Superior Vicar of the Society of the Sacred Heart in Canada."

She renewed her vows in the chapel of the Sacred Heart at Montreal, in the presence of Mother Amelia Schulten, who was henceforth the kindest and wisest of Superiors, the tenderest of mothers, the most loyal and sympathetic of friends in every event of her subsequent life and work. In the years that followed no step was

taken without her advice and permission. Mother Schulten's words were received as the voice of God, and at her death every letter from her was found carefully preserved, daintily and lovingly placed away.

If leaving Simcoe was heartrending, what the loss of the Community life was to that great warm human heart of hers will never be known. Henceforth, except at rare intervals, she was to tread her way alone, and far from them.

Madame Lummis began, or rather, took up again, her work in Courtright, an outlying mission in the London Diocese which Bishop Walsh was particularly desirous she should visit. And here began the old congenial work, the old up-hill fight. She was told there were no children. In two weeks they appeared ; the St. Clair River rushes through the village, and over the river, and up the river, and down the river the children came flocking to her. The morning of the First Friday, when the priest came from Corunna to say the Mass, Madame Lummis presented him with fifty children whom she had prepared for confession. His Reverence could only stare and exclaim : "Where in the world did you get them ?"

Half the parish was French, and she taught them in French, charmed them in French, and won them back to the Church and the Sacraments in French. She set the First Fridays going with enthusiasm, taught devotion to the Sacred Heart, and the necessity of frequent communion. The village was in the midst of the oil region ; the

only water consequently to be had was that which was carried from the river, which thus became the centre of the social life of the place. People were always coming and going from the river, whose bright, busy current gave colour and beauty to the otherwise sleepy little place. Steamers were constantly passing up and down and plying to and from St. Clair. The whole atmosphere of the place, its poverty, the privations of the people, and the warm-hearted, responsive children, appealed to Madame Lummis, and some of her greatest consolations were found in Courtright. The winter had set in early; cold, biting winds blew up from the river; and one First Friday morning, in waiting to bring the children back to breakfast after their early walk, through long delay in her fasting condition she caught a severe cold. Her aunt, Mrs. Lord, who was her guest at the time, became alarmed, and induced her niece to see a doctor. His opinion was not encouraging; he frankly warned her of what danger to her delicate lungs there was in such a climate and amid such privations. It was a blow; her heart was here, and though she knew if she could not remain Simcoe was clamouring for her, still she felt the need was greater where she was. Mrs. Lord's fears aroused, she was determined her beloved niece should run no risks, and she acquainted the Bishop with the state of affairs at Courtright. Simcoe letters showered on her, proving—according to the writers—that her presence at the moment in Simcoe was necessary

to the existence of the parish. Father Traher was urgent, and the following lines from Bishop Walsh, then on the eve of his departure for the Archiepiscopal See of Toronto, decided matters: "I have just returned from Simcoe, where I lectured last night. You will be *heartily welcome there* whenever you may think fit to go."

In leaving Courtright, Madame Lummis hoped to return at least each summer. She always remembered with great tenderness the way the children clung to her at the last. At the station they placed her invalid chair in their midst, and gathered about her for a final word. As she spoke to them she was astonished to see boys of twelve and fourteen years old in tears, which they surreptitiously tried to conceal. They all promised to write, and one of these lads, now a priest in the diocese, feels he owes his vocation to her influence begun then and only ended with her life. The train bore her away from them, but her heart and thoughts were often with them, and by her letters she did not fail to carry on her work.

X.

MADAME LUMMIS returned to Simcoe to find great changes. Many from whom she had expected most had fallen; those for whom she had feared were her triumphs. She set herself again to stir up all, to begin on the old lines, a little disheartened, it is true, seeing how frail is our poor human nature, but apparently joyous and hopeful always. No one rejoiced more on her arrival than Father Traher. He had done wonders. The new church was beautiful, the warm, red brick tower and buttresses showing prettily through its setting of maple trees; the grounds were terraced and rolled, and trimmed like a well-kept lawn. When Madame Lummis knelt before the tabernacle for the first time, she could only thank our Lord with a great heartfelt *Deo Gratias*. In her wildest dreams, when day after day she had said the decade of the Rosary "for a new church and a resident priest," she never expected to obtain what her eyes now rested upon with such gratitude and complacency.

The statues of the Sacred Heart that surmounted the tabernacle and those of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph on the side altars, were what she most desired. Everything about the church, especially the tabernacle, spoke of love

and thought for her adored Prisoner of Love, and she felt that here indeed it could not be said: "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." Father Traher hoped for great things with the assistance and sympathy of Madame Lummis. He said humbly that he had worked so far for the temporal good of the parish, to the neglect, he feared, of the spiritual. Now, through their joint efforts, they might do much for God and souls.

In a short time she had taken possession of a house near the church, surrounded by a luxuriant hedge of cedar. It soon assumed all the life and charm of "the Cottage" of former days, and became the welcome refuge of all in sorrow or want or shame. The "class-room" opened on the lawn, and here the children flocked from school, and the women came to afternoon beads, and the girls gathered at night, and there all day long Madame Lummis was to be found. The boys and girls of the old days had now become men and women, and were scattered throughout the States; but their letters kept her conversant with the history of their trials and triumphs. Did they marry, they invariably journeyed back to Simcoe to present the new "child," were it a wife or a husband, and henceforth they belonged to her, the wife generally acting as correspondent. In that way she rarely lost sight of them, no matter how far they were. Even when her "boys" fell by the wayside, and returned wrecks and outcasts, they were never afraid to come to her with their dreary tales of weakness and failure. Never was

there a harsh word for the sinner, only words of pity and sympathy and hope, and she was ever their ideal, no matter how low they had fallen. Her correspondence absorbed every free moment, in spite of pain and weariness. The lad "out West," the sewing girl in the crowded city, the widow and orphan, Protestant and Catholic, all who came to her for sympathy and help were never disappointed. In her invalid chair, her tiny desk on her knees, she wrote those kind, loving letters which brought comfort and peace to many a lonely heart, many a discouraged soul.

Madame Lummis was never happier than when surrounded by the children. To see her in their midst at a Christmas festival which she had prepared for them, or in the summer days when she had bidden them to a treat in the garden, made an impression not to be forgotten. Their guileless remarks and prattle amused her. Often they loved to tell her what they wished to be when they grew to be men and women, and one of the Kerry lads declared "he would like something that he could be always sitting down at." Her laugh on these occasions was delightful; it was the most infectious, sweetest, merriest laugh in the world, and a sermon in itself. One always listened for it; it was the outpouring of her pure, sunny soul—she who never knew one moment free from pain!

Mrs. Wells, the loved friend who first invited Madame Lummis to Simcoe, died at this time, and this was a deep sorrow. In one of her letters

she writes: "Mrs. Wells died a week ago last Sunday, and was buried on Tuesday. She died, as she had lived, a Protestant, to my great grief. She said she was 'not afraid to die,' and though anxious to live, was resigned to our dearest Lord's most holy will. Pray for her, please, though I do not feel uneasy about her, yet there is always the dread uncertainty."

Mrs. Lord had accompanied Madame Lummis to Simcoe, and remained to see her installed at "The Cedars," and her work well started. In her letters to a friend, Rose alludes to her departure, and speaks of visits from other friends.

"Aunt Cecilia stopped with me until some time in December, and my sister has been here twice. She is now in Florida, suffering from the heat (January). Rebecca Kendall comes (D.V.) for a short visit next month, and later my friend from New York, Eva Thomson."

This visit of Miss Kendall's was the first of many to Simcoe, and the beginning of a sincere, admiring friendship. Mrs. Thomson's devotion, on the contrary, had birth, she declares, when she was a child of eight. Her coming at this time was the result of a warm, impulsive affection, and an anxiety to see Madame Lummis after a separation of years. Speaking of both those visits in a later letter to the same correspondent, she writes:

"Rebecca left me yesterday, and I miss her much. She really helped me, in such a nice way, too, as if she liked it. She took my little ones every day, made my reading, wrote for me

to the Courtright children, returned my Protestant calls, visited a poor woman, etc., etc. Eva arrives this morning, and I am trying to accomplish all I can before she comes. She is *almost* as exacting as you; quite as unwilling to be deprived of my charming (?) society!"

Mrs. Thomson spent two weeks in Simcoe, and the visit was one of unalloyed pleasure to Madame Lummis. It brought back the old days at Sodus, and the old childlike affection which had been undimmed by separation and the difference of their lives.

"Eva fetched me many things—lovely flowers, fruit, candies, soap, and two beautiful crucifixes. She wants to give me all sorts of things which I am continually accepting and as constantly refusing. She lives such a luxuriant, fashionable life, crowded with people, music, incident, and yet she is wholly unspoiled, remaining considerate, generous, and easily pleased. I wish you could see her. She will be here till a week from to-day, and then returns to New York. I shall miss her greatly. She plays very beautifully, and only the best composers, so it is a source of unfailing delight to me."

Mrs. Thomson's gifts touched her friend greatly, especially the gift she gave of love and thought. A great sheaf of Easter lilies, brought all the way from New York, for the altar, "to please Rose," proved an impracticable present, as it was in the middle of Lent. This showed that Mrs. Thomson was not a Catholic, but it proved all the more the sweetness and

tenderness of her affection. The "candies" in the old days had been eagerly accepted, but now they found their way to the children; the scented soap and *eau de Cologne* were weaknesses in which she had indulged in worldly days, but for years all these luxuries had been relinquished. None the less the thoughtfulness of "the child" was very pleasant to Rose, showing that after all these years her friend had not forgotten her tastes and pleasures. The two crucifixes were what pleased her most; one, a marble cross with a brass figure, went at once to the church to replace the old bronze one which she had given long ago, and which was now especially dear for all the Masses that had been said before it. By Mrs. Thomson's wish the other was hung above Madame Lummis' sofa, on which were spent so many hours of pain. It was of ebony, almost three feet in length, and the white pathetic figure on the Cross looked down on the silent sufferer, while her life lay at His feet. It was thus that Mrs. Thomson wished to picture her beloved one when she was far away in the world, with its many attractions and distractions.

At this time Madame Lummis was joined in her work by one to whom she gave a mother's love, and who was henceforth never to leave Rose, even for a day, until she died in her arms just ten years later. There was some difficulty in obtaining permission for her young friend to remain in a foreign country, and the following letter will show Madame Lummis' high sense of duty, and her never failing resignation :—

"My dearest child,—Very many thanks for your most welcome letters (I cannot tell you how often I have read them over), the last received only one hour ago. Do I want you? Ah, my child, you know well the answer to that question. Do you remember how often you used to speak of things that I had just been thinking of? Well, before your letter came I, too, thought that if your people should refuse, you could surely come before you leave to bid me good-bye. Oh! child, how shall I say it? and yet God's will be done. He knows best always. He gave, and He has a perfect right to take away. May He who loves us both so dearly make us truly content, truly resigned! I fear I am selfish in wanting you; what right have I to let you devote yourself to me, to let your young and happy life bless and brighten mine? Unless, indeed, you offer it first to God, and make it a daily sacrifice to Him. There will be much to annoy you, much that you will rebel against, and yet that I will have to insist on, because my life is not my own to spend as I will or in my own pleasure, but in a happy offering to my dearest, most beloved Lord in His poor, His little children. Are you afraid, or have you learnt to trust a little? Yes, I have permission to go to Mass and to Holy Communion every fine day, and the church is not quite three blocks from the house;

the Mass is said in the Sacristy, a wee room, while we kneel on the floor with chairs in front of us, and are all crowded close together right at our Lord's very Feet. Shall you like it? To-morrow my little ones are to make their first confession ; pray for them, dear. Did I tell you I had promised the Courtright priest and people to go to them this summer for two months, should the Administrator, Father O'Connor (now Archbishop of Toronto), be willing? You will like them all so much ; they have such a lovely spirit of faith, such perfect obedience to a priest or religious. I meant to write to you yesterday, but could not find a moment all day until too late, after five, when it was too dark to see and too late to lie down before supper. As a natural consequence, I was not able to go to Mass this morning; my head was too bad. Thirteen of my girls were here for class last night. Here comes some one now, so I must close. Good-bye, my child, God keep you, and give you to me, if, indeed, it be His holy will."

Here is another letter, written while the matter hung fire :

"Do you, my child, realise how much I want you, long to see you ! And yet I do try to keep myself wholly resigned to our dearest Lord's will, let it be what it may. All He does is merciful and loving. It

seems strange that He should have given you to me at all, were it but to take you away at last! Do you remember that verse I opened in the Old Testament? It has so often come to my mind, and I wondered until now at its meaning. Still, if you came you might not be happy and content, and it would almost break your loyal, loving heart to tell me so, and to leave me here alone; and if I love you truly, as I believe I do, then must I care more for your happiness than my own—nay, yours must be mine, and——but I will say no more; all is in our dearest Lord's loving, tender Hands, and even if He sends the heavy cross of separation, it will be best because He gives it. Be sure and write to me on Sunday. To-morrow two Sisters of St. Joseph come to me for a few days."

The matter being satisfactorily arranged, Madame Lummis wrote:

"To-day is my mother's birthday, and you her gift to me! Will you come to me next week? What a cordial welcome I shall give you, my little Ruth. My messenger is waiting for this, so I must close. Write at once and tell me when to expect you. What happy words to write! Come as early next week as you can."

XI.

For the first two years after her return to Simcoe there was a marked improvement in the health of Madame Lummis. Except in the very severe weather she was able to be at daily Mass, walking slowly up the hill to where the little congregation of old women were gathered for warmth in the sacristy. There were many consolations here for her after her past experience of privation; Father Traher's characteristics, his neatness, order, and punctuality were akin to her own; the moment the market-bell tolled the hour he was at the altar. The room was small and poor and plain, but no convent chapel could rival it in purity. Daily Communion was her strength and mainstay in the midst of every difficulty.

Father Traher had had a somewhat tragic life. His love of music was intense, and through a throat affection he had lost irretrievably his beautiful voice. A student of art and literature, he could no longer read at night on account of one eye having been removed through a malignant growth. He was a proud and sensitive man, and he became easily discouraged, often morbid. He had worked with a more than common fire, and felt keenly the lack of appreciation in those whom he sought to lift to his own spiritual ideas.

It was at this moment, when most discouraged, and when he was about to ask for a change of parishes, that Madame Lummis came. Her quick sympathies, her knowledge and respect for his really fine character, proved providential. St. Francis de Sales' experience that "those who work for souls must expect but abuse and ingratitude as their payment" had been to her an old story. Her cheerfulness and hope, her determined habit of seeing only the good in everyone, communicated itself to Father Traher, and gave him fresh ardour for the work and new aims of the mission. The numbers coming for Holy Communion on the mornings of the First Fridays increased; the Holy Hour was a new feature in the devotions; the people coming at evening to confession, after the day's work, remained to watch before the Blessed Sacrament in the subdued gleam of the sanctuary lamp and the twinkling red lights from the altar.

Writing from his new See, of which he had just taken possession, Archbishop Walsh alludes to the happy state of affairs.

"You must," he writes, "feel quite at home in dear old Simcoe, with your friends and spiritual children whom you have helped to know and love God." The Archbishop's entry into Toronto was the signal for an outburst of low Orange bigotry. He was pelted as he drove through the city, and narrowly escaped serious injury. "I feel fatigued from the unexpected calls made on me by the various churches and institutions of the city, but my health is otherwise good. The

stoning inflicted a painful but not a serious wound, and it has acted almost like a Sacrament of Confirmation in this, that it has made me a strong if not a perfect Christian." He was essentially a man of peace, and at his death, several years later, the non-Catholics of Toronto gave touching testimony of their esteem and appreciation of the Prelate of whom it was said that he "brought peace wherever he went."

On August 10th Mrs. Lord died at St. Louis, as the result of an accident. Writing on the sad occasion to Madame Lummis, Archbishop Walsh speaks of his own personal knowledge of her aunt's devotion, and of his sympathy in what he knows must be for her so great a sorrow. She received this cross as she did others—bravely and generously, as coming from the loving hands of a Father who doeth all things well. In the autumn of the same year she began to suffer from incipient attacks of malaria, and one morning when the doctor called he heard her cough ominously, and his fears were aroused; henceforth his one thought was to send her south for the winter. This suggestion she scorned, and she struggled on until January, when typho-malaria set in, and for six weeks she was seriously ill. Her great suffering was the privation from Holy Communion; her fever was so high that fasting was impossible, and Father Traher suggested bringing her the Blessed Sacrament after midnight, but even that proved impossible after the first experiment, the exhaustion following the strain being very great. For a time there

was but faint hope of her recovery, and only at the end of many weeks was there an awakening of the old vitality. Dr. Tripp, who had known her constitution for years, and who, though a non-Catholic, had a heartfelt sympathy in all her work, now declared her life was "too valuable to be lost," and that mountain air and a mild climate were the last and sole remedies.

It was not without a pang that Madame Lummis consented to leave Simcoe even for a time. Mother Schulten approved the doctor's decision, hoping it would be possible the dear invalid might come first to Montreal to rest with her for a while before continuing the journey south. The severity of the weather frustrated that pleasure, and the journey began by an eight mile drive across the snow to Waterford to catch the express. It was the last day of March, and a truly wintry scene. She heard the jingling of the sleigh bells, she saw the Canadian woods spreading far and wide, and now and then the gables and verandahs of a Canadian farmhouse showing solitary from a clearing. The children coming from school through the snow, with their bright smiles and little hard, red Canadian cheeks were a pleasing sight to relieve the otherwise rather dreary scene. Travelling by rail was at all times both painful and fatiguing to Madame Lummis, owing to the frailty of her spine, but she enjoyed seeing the country, though obliged to lie down for the greater part of the journey. On this occasion a state-room was engaged, and every arrangement made for her comfort.

Through the gathering twilight she looked longingly at what she called her "last home sunset," but she carried with her many fond hopes for a speedy return from all who loved her so dearly. Even in her weak state and with her constant suffering she saw the humours of the road, as the following account by her travelling companion shows:

"We awoke at sun-rise, and looked with eager eyes on the outside world, for now we were thundering along through Ohio. How spring-like it looked—a glad sight to eyes long used to snow. We changed trains at Cincinnati, and saw what looked like a long row of cells or the cabins of an ocean steamer. We were escorted to the first one, and looked around rather curiously. Two sofas ran across the car; racks and hooks looked delightfully inviting for all our feminine paraphernalia; there were three windows on a level with our heads that we could open and shut without assistance. 'Plenty of ventilation to-day,' I chuckled with satisfaction. It was all strangely familiar; and then it dawned on me that it was nothing else than a first-class English railway-carriage. We asked the conductor what they called this. 'A *Mann* car,' he answered with a smile. 'And why not for women?' I demanded, in an injured tone. 'It is,' he replied pityingly, 'named after its inventor Mann'; and I was crushed. We were off now, moving slowly over the Ohio River, and we looked down on the men paddling their boats below; up from the water came the ringing notes

of the old negro melody, 'Come, Lub, come.' We were in the 'Mann car,' in supreme content; nothing could be more delightful; the sun came out and we flung wide the windows; the country became wild and mountainous, deep gorges dipped down here and there, and the pines peeped up from them; a fresh breeze sprang up. A sudden lurch of the train threw me back ignominiously; an umbrella and shawl straps toppled down on my prostrate figure from the rack above, a telescope bag fell at my feet, and worse than all, trees, hills, and everything outside went bobbing up and down, as if laughing at my discomfiture. I smiled feebly, and tried to believe it a good joke, but thought it rather unkind of the 'Mann car' to play me such a mean trick when I had only that moment finished an eloquent panegyric on his even and uniform motion. I rose to my feet, assuring 'mother' and myself that there must have been a stone on the track, when, as I stood surveying the spot where I had just fallen, I sat down hastily—very hastily indeed. Another lurch, worse than the first. My face fell, and must have looked woe-begone indeed; for as I glanced across the car my eyes met a pair of grey ones opposite brimming with amusement, and we both went off into a hearty fit of laughter. The conductor came, hat in hand, with true Southern politeness, and inquired how we liked our surroundings. We replied feebly that just then they were not very delightful, but no doubt things would be better. When he left we threw

off all disguise, and denounced our faithless 'Mann car,' though the despised object did its best to drown our opinions, for it rattled and banged at such a pitch that we had to scream to reach each other's ears. We began indignantly and ended laughingly. 'Men are deceivers ever,' I cried, 'now and always. What else could you expect from Mann or his car?' We turned our eyes from our injuries within to the beauties without, and were soon lost to all things pertaining to self with the ever-changing views of mountain and valley before us, and the blossom, and the signs of the coming summer. We rattled over bridges, by a country road winding at the foot of the mountains, smiled at two girl riders with huge sun-bonnets jogging on ponies, rushed over a torrent that came leaping down its rocky bed, looked down the gorges that showed delightful vistas of the blue ridges beyond, tore past negro cabins in the woods, whose dusky inhabitants lounged in lazy attitudes on the doorstep with a happy-go-lucky air that told plainly work was an institution little appreciated. All through the day the warm Southern sun glorified hill and dale. In a wonder of red and gold he bade us a soft good-night, and the mountain world was draped at his going. A peace and stillness hung over the mountains; the lights from the farmhouses twinkled through the pines, and the frogs made their music to the night air; and the train moved slowly into Knoxville."

There was a welcome rest at Knoxsville that night, and the impression of the mountain town

next morning was charming. The peach orchards were in bloom, and the travellers gazed with admiring eyes on the forests of pink blossoms along the mountain sides as the train steamed away. The day's run to Asheville was one of the most beautiful stretches of the journey. Madame Lummis reached her destination in brilliant sunshine, like that of a Canadian day in June. Doors and windows were open as she passed; the spring flowers were everywhere, the air was bracing and balmy. It was her first day out of doors for six months, and it seemed as if she was suddenly transported into another world, the world of her life's longing—the sunny South. She felt from the first moment as if new life had been given her; the mountain world, the negroes, the Southern life and surroundings were delightfully new and interesting. The only thing needed was a crucifix at the cross roads, or a wayside shrine of Our Lady, to give it all the charm and devotion of the Tyrol.

In two months there was such a decided improvement that it was thought advisable Madame Lummis should pass the summer in the mountains instead of returning to Simcoe in June, as was arranged when she left Canada. It was a sacrifice to relinquish her own interests and people, even for a time, but from her scant knowledge of Ashville, she saw a possibility of doing good.

Magnificently situated in the Blue Ridge, at an altitude of 2,500 feet, it is the Mecca of consumptives all over the American continent. Forty thousand visitors pass through it in the

season. The parish extends all through the mountains and down to the lower part of the state. There was one priest only for all the work. He was continually needed in Ashville for the sick and the dying, and had to visit once a month each mission, the nearest of which is twenty miles away. The tales our missionary heard of the spiritual privations of the mountaineers sounded in her ear as a trumpet to a war-horse. Compared to North Carolina, Canada seemed the centre of Catholicity. She would never take a step or entertain an idea without the advice and permission of her superiors, and she wrote to them all her hopes and longings to work for souls in the mountains, and received every sympathy and encouragement.

Writing to Mr. Smith, nephew of Mrs. Wells, she thus describes the charm of her surroundings :

" Very many thanks for your welcome, cheery letter. I wrote almost immediately to Miss Tisdale, urging her to come, and I do hope she will. This place is so charming, and the air so delightful, that I am sure she would not regret the long journey. To-day we look for Georgette, who has been in Columbia, South Carolina, for the past week. She was ill in St. Augustine, and felt too ill to travel until lately. Now to tell you of our surroundings. We have left Oakland Heights, and are in a pretty country house only a few hundred yards away. Our rooms are on the first floor, and a few steps from my door is a fine wide piazza, running the whole length of the house, where we walk and sit, and I did both this

morning *before breakfast.* We have open fireplaces, my supreme delight, take our meals alone, and are waited on by the nicest of negro boys. Our hostess is a Boston lady, who came here for her daughter's health, and is extremely kind and attentive. We drink warm milk before breakfast, and have nice thick cream at every meal, and everything is so daintily cooked, that if we do not improve it will not be the fault of good air or water. Speaking of all that, I must again thank you, dear, for your extreme kindness to me when I was ill, going up to Simcoe to see me, getting me such delicious fish, writing often, etc., etc. Thank you for it all with all my heart. I am glad you and Father Traher are on such good terms, and hope the intimacy will grow stronger and stronger. He is such a good man, but must often feel very lonely. Miss Gleeson has this moment returned from a charming walk, with lovely views of the two rivers and the mountains, and strolled through several conservatories, saw bananas, oranges, grapes, almost ripe, etc., etc., the property of a wealthy Southerner, who spends his winters in Virginia, his summers here.

AFTERNOON.

"Delia has gone to meet Georgette, and I will try and finish this before they come. Are you still 'a lone orphan,' or has your dear mother returned? Please give her my kindest regards. Were you a wreck when Easter came, or did your vegetable diet agree with you? (Mr. Smith and the Rector had decided to eat no meat that

Lent!—both having High Church tendencies). Please give me all the Simcoe news when you write. My little Katey does not write often, as she is busy, and a letter is a difficult matter. God give you a happy Easter. I forgot to tell you that to-day I walked in the grounds as far as from the cedars to the church and back again, and did not feel so very tired."

The Miss Tisdale alluded to in this letter was the sister of the Hon. David Tisdale, who has for many years represented his county (Norfolk) in the Dominion Parliament. On the day before her death Mrs. Wells had sent this dear friend with a last touching message to Madame Lummis. Even in her weak, suffering state Mrs. Wells could not resist a jest, and she warned Miss Tisdale, who was a strict Presbyterian, that "Rose might convert her by a very look." Responding to the sally with a merry smile, but an aching heart, Miss Tisdale went on her errand of mercy, but the visit that was intended to be merely kind was the foundation of a loving and lasting friendship. In a short time she found herself all unconsciously speaking of the sorrow of her life, her mother's death, and even of the deepest feelings of her nature. She left the house soothed, refreshed, and strengthened, no longer surprised at the influence and charm of the woman of whom she had heard so much that was noble. Mrs. Wells' death drew them closely together; indeed, Miss Tisdale used to say she was "Peg's" legacy to her "dear Rose," and the bond thus sadly begun was only broken in death.

XII.

As Madame Lummis was led to Simcoe, so was she guided to Hendersonville, then one of the most destitute of the mountain missions. It is an hour by rail from Asheville, situated on a plateau, and consisted at that time of a wide, old-fashioned village street, in which grew rows of spreading trees.

For more than two years the priest had been unable to visit the place, and Madame Lummis' great desire was to go there and obtain Mass for the people. She laid her plans before Father Felix, O.S.B., then replacing Father White, of Asheville, and he promised to say Mass and then judge of the prospects. That was sufficient. She rented a pretty country house overlooking the village, which was surrounded by the mountains; the large, lofty hall made an ideal chapel, and only the congregation was to be found! At the moment there was but one Catholic family—others there were through the mountains who were luke-warm and indifferent, and some who were only suspected of being Catholics. That was inconsiderable—all the more fire to her zeal. For herself, the bare necessities of life sufficed, and her invaluable little maid, Katie, was telegraphed for to Canada, and was expected

through the week. Katie, needless to say, could not bustle off into an unknown land in any unceremonious manner. There were the neighbours to inform, and finery to obtain before the important little woman appeared with all the essential articles for the altar and the kitchen. Our missionary had set her heart on beginning her work on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and, in spite of all the drawbacks, she succeeded beyond her wildest expectations. She arrived at Hendersonville feeble in body but strong in hope and ardour. The wife of the coloured Baptist preacher came to offer her services as cook, and was instantly installed. Sister Georgette had sent some furniture, and with bed and some chairs, what more could an apostle need in such a climate and surroundings? But for Our Lord and the Mass—that was another matter. Katie had not yet left Simcoe, and Father Felix was coming on the morrow! The one Irish family, four miles off, had been notified, but where was the altar? The only available table was the one from the kitchen, which was both too long and too low. The one person who might be of use in the dilemma was a charming old lady whose grounds joined those of the *châlet*, and who had come at once to pay her *devoirs*. Two evenings after Madame Lummis' arrival there had come up the steps one of the daintiest, prettiest little ladies in the world, in a white dress and black lace scarf arranged mantilla-wise on her head, and a huge fan in her hand.

"I thought it was only neighbourly to come

and see you," she said; "it was cheery to hear your voices, so I came to welcome you. You are not settled yet, I see; neither are we, though we are four years here now," and she looked quizzically from behind her large fan, which, truth to say, seemed the largest thing about her. She liked to talk, and Madame Lummis was a very sympathetic listener.

"You like it here, do you not?" she asked.

"Yes, and so did my husband; we lived in Boston, and were growing old; he was a lawyer and a student, and wanted quiet and peace for the remainder of his days. We went abroad for some years, and on our return thought we would go through these mountains before leaving again for Europe. By chance we came here; my husband liked the house. I did not want to stay and bury ourselves here; I liked my fellow-creatures; I liked to know what was going on in the world—that is what we were put in it for—but he was tired of all that, and he was ill, and that, you know, makes a difference in our ideas. We only intended this as a pleasant spot to come to after our wanderings. My husband did not believe in God but respected the faith of others, and he was the best and kindest of men. In the spring he planted a hundred roses, the grounds were re-modelled, and he had a thousand interests. I was satisfied in his content. The following year, when the place was showing the effect of all his taste, he left it suddenly. Sitting one morning in his favourite chair on the lawn, he was stricken with paralysis, and in three days I

was alone in these solitudes, where I never wanted to be." The little old lady looked wistfully down on the floor.

"Your sacrifice made his last year happy," said Madame Lummis.

"Yes, I did not regret it; he left everything so arranged that I could leave at once and travel as I chose, but I did not. There were others whom I could help by staying here, and it finally resulted in my asking two of my sisters down here. They were not strong, and though living all their lives in an intellectual centre in New England, they loved the home and the mountains. I should not have wearied you," she added apologetically. "I have never spoken to a stranger in this way before, and certainly to none of your religion, against which I frankly admit I have a strong prejudice. I trust, however, you will let me know you better."

Madame Lummis answered cordially that she hoped she would come as often and whenever she wished.

One can readily understand Mrs. Wadsworth's amazement when she was asked a few days later for contributions for what she called "a Popish Mass and a Romish altar." The friend sent to interview the little old lady on the matter returned both angry and amused. The frank expression of her abhorrence of the "Pope," "Peter," and "the Jesuits" was delicious, and the account had at least the effect of making Madame Lummis laugh merrily in the midst of her dearth of all things needful. The result of a hasty discussion

was that two grocer's boxes piled against the fireplace made the altar, and to hide the bare walls on either side the use of green boughs was suggested. Aunt Matty produced the meat saw from the kitchen, and the woods surrounding the *châlet* did the rest. The bright bank of branches made an effective background, and when Mrs. Wadsworth's maid came bearing an exquisite piece of white damask to cover the boxes, there was a fair promise of an altar. The crucifix was placed on the mantelpiece with candlesticks, found in the village, whose brass cupids had to be called angels; but it was only on the arrival of Mrs. Wadsworth's further contribution, some baskets of roses and vines tumbling in cascades, that the place began to have a look of fitting beauty.

The arrangement may not have been rubrical, the boxes against all canons, but there was a neighbourly feeling and a kindly spirit in this strange preparation and unexpected help for our Lord's coming that touched Madame Lummis infinitely. That was a memorable if anxious night; the full moon shone down on the lonely woods, and on her who was so alone yet so joyous, a stranger to the priest, more than a stranger to the people, and yet, by what seemed chance, drawn there; and under her roof, amid such poor surroundings, with little prepared to receive Him, the Lowly One was coming as of old, gentle, simple, and loving to the least of His brethren. Next morning the *châlet* was early astir; the sun rising above the mountains gave

glorious promise for the day; not a sound but the cow-bells from the woods, not a soul anywhere. Up among these solitudes men are few and far between. The congregation took so long in coming that fears were entertained for their existence, but they had all appeared when the Father arrived, and they gave him a glad greeting. There sounded kindly salutations of "God bless your Reverence," "You are welcome, Father," in a rich brogue; while a Saxon giant, the village blacksmith, welcomed him in German, to which his Reverence joyously answered in language of the Fatherland.

The confessions began. In and out the penitents went along the piazza, through the long windows from the chapel to the sacristy. The woods grew up to the *châlet*, and it might have been on the mountain tops, so wild, so isolated the scene. Everyone went to Holy Communion; for all it was their Easter duty, for some it was the first in five years, or even more. The Sacred Heart had gathered them all in. Father Felix spoke a few words on the feast, and begged the little flock to thank our Lord for the great blessings of that day, and to ask Him to give them, though deprived of many of the comforts of religion, a living, loving, burning Catholic faith. He ended by telling them to send their children to Madame Lummis for instruction, and announced that he would say Mass every Thursday throughout the summer. The news seemed too wonderful, and at first they could not realise it. As the congregation trooped down the steps,

one enthusiastic lady was heard to exclaim: "Wasn't it like the first Christians?" but was brought down from the clouds by the cool rejoinder of a mountaineer: "No, ma'am, it was more like the *late sinners!*" The servants of the wealthy Southern families up for the summer were strong in numbers, glad and grateful. One faithful Irishwoman lifted up her voice in exultation, saying: "I have been coming up here for thirty years, and this year is the first time we ever heard a Mass. Now, praises be to God, we'll see a priest at last!" Father Felix, speaking of them later to Madame Lummis, remarked: "I have never said a Mass of the Sacred Heart with so much fervour"; adding earnestly: "I felt it was doing so much good."

On the following Sunday the work was continued. Two small boys and a girl put in an appearance, then the older ones; finally the whole congregation, numbering eighteen souls, was assembled. The catechism lessons developed into the saying of the Rosary, then some hymns were introduced, the Epistle and Gospel were read; eleven o'clock was the hour decided on for them all to be in spirit at the Mass then being said in Asheville, and the Sunday devotions and reunions became a precious institution. Under the fiery Southern sun the people walked miles with the greatest enthusiasm. Madame Lummis had brought out the best that was in them, as she did with all among whom her work lay. Father Felix, faithful to his promise, had come each week, watching keenly the progress of

affairs, and finally he announced that the Bishop would come in August to administer Confirmation as well as to give First Communion to those who had been so steadily preparing for the sacraments.

His Lordship arrived for the feast of the Assumption, and no trouble was spared to make the day a happy and memorable one. To all the Bishop was a stranger; this was his first visit. The *châlet* seemed suitable for every emergency. The parlour had long been abandoned as too small for the congregation, and the hall, running the whole length of the house, served the purpose admirably. At the main entrance there was a deep recess, the large door being flanked by French windows. This was the sanctuary. The altar stood against the door, and draperies of the Papal colours made a soft and graceful setting. Two pine trees (the Bishop's seal) stood sentinels on either side of the altar, which shone in the gorgeous colouring of the South. Flowers, wreaths, and plants were brought in triumph by the children, and the court-house benches did duty duty for pews. Bishop Haid's first request was to see "the chapel," and he pronounced it "perfect." Early next morning the people came straggling across the mountains for the first Mass. At the second there was a large congregation, made up of summer visitors from the lower States, and many Protestants who had come to see what a Catholic Bishop and ceremony were like. Seven received First Communion, their ages ranging from ten to twenty-four years; there were nine for Confirmation, and of those

three had never been baptised until Madame Lummis had begun her instructions. In his sermon the Bishop said their ceremony must remind them strongly of the first Confirmation. It was in a house that the Holy Ghost had come on the Apostles, as He had on those children at that moment. There were no churches in those days, as there were none in the mountains; the Apostles were then in their spiritual infancy, and it was not known what great things God had in store for them there in the mountains, the faithful people gathered around this altar.

It was a new scene this, even for Bishop Haid, though he had undergone many strange experiences since becoming Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina. As Abbot of a band of Benedictine monks he had come to Belmont not many years ago, poor in money, friends and pupils, to find a frame hut and a log chapel, innocent of paint, the legacy of a good old priest, who left it to the Benedictines as a foundation for a future abbey and college. The altar decorations were pictures cut from newspapers and magazines, and the first action of the Abbot and his young monks was to arm themselves with paint buckets and brushes, and begin ornamentation. They began to take a few pupils (to-day there are over a hundred); but the Lord Abbot himself milked the cows until he had instructed a negro boy to take his place. A magnificent college now stands on the site of the old log building, and one of the finest churches in the South replaces the little frame cathedral of North Carolina.

Writing a few days after the Bishop's visit, Madame Lummis thus alludes to the ceremony:

"The Bishop, who is also a mitred Abbot of the Benedictine monastery (of Belmont), and the Father Prior came here last Monday, said Mass in our "chapel" (the corridor, seventy feet long and ten wide), and confirmed nine children and adults. Five made their first Communion, and about one hundred people were at the Mass. Yesterday the old priest from Asheville, who is now almost well, said Mass at half-past eight. The Father will come up every week and say Mass. Is not God good to us, and ought we not to be most grateful? On Sunday the children come for instruction, and then we all say the beads. I am a little improved; have more appetite, and sleep a little better; but I am not yet well enough for work, so Rev. Mother has given me permission to stay South during the winter. Miss Kendall is charmed with the South, and we shall try to keep her till we leave."

When Madame Lummis began her work in Hendersonville in 1892 there were but 3,000 Catholics and seven priests in the whole State. The advent of the Benedictine Fathers wrought many changes for the enlightenment of non-Catholics, and the education of their own people. There was no more ignorant or bigoted State in the Union; the penal laws forbidding Catholics to vote, and placing them on an equality with the negroes, existed until a comparatively late epoch. This banished the better class of emigrants from an otherwise promising field. Judge Gaston, a

man of broad views and brilliant intellect, caused the repeal of the hated law, he himself embracing the despised religion ; and since then the Church has gradually taken her place in the hearths and homes of a naturally spiritual if narrow-minded populace. Madame Lummis had succeeded in winning the young people with much more facility than anyone had expected ; and only when she had taken complete possession of their hearts did she learn from themselves the struggle they endured at first. They had come cautiously —even suspiciously ; the dark deeds they had heard of the Church could not be easily forgotten. It was months before any change was perceptible ; but when finally all distrust had fled it had gone for ever. This happy state of affairs was not accomplished without an outburst of bigotry on the part of the "preachers," which made itself known in notices circulated through the village and posted up everywhere, headed, "Who are the Jesuits?" The question was answered by a thrilling account of their tricks and their manners, one item being that all members of the society make a vow, signed with their blood, that they would kill every Protestant when they could conveniently do so, besides many other of the old tales that will no doubt ring the changes still when the New Zealander takes his stand on London Bridge! At the catechism class on Sunday, one young woman produced this effusion, which had been presented to her by a friend, who had asked for an explanation. The only result was that the mountaineers

were introduced to St. Ignatius and his sons, and a new light was thrown on to those simple minds, all eager to know something of the Church and her priests, of whom until now they had heard naught but tales of vice and treachery.

The Southern mountaineer stands apart among the peculiar products of the American continent. Shut away, in his vastness, from the outside world, he speaks to-day the language of Johnson! Descended from English and Scotch refugees, he retains the manners and customs of a primitive people. In dress and appearance he resembles nothing so much as the familiar caricatures of Uncle Sam; he is tall, gaunt, and unshorn; his ignorance of passing events is so great that by some Lincoln is still the only known President in the far-off mountain cabins. Few of the last generation could read or write, and even now the scholastic year consists of barely three or four months. His music, like himself, is peculiar; nearly all the mountaineers are singers, the women's voices being sweet and high and remarkably true; the fiddler and banjo player is beloved among them, as was the minstrel in the old chieftains' days in Ireland. The mountaineer has a sense of humour, with a genial and sunny philosophy. He makes fun of his own poverty, his shiftlessness, ignorance, hard luck, and even his crimes. Religion is his great emotional outlet; at "revivals" and camp meetings it is common for women and men to injure themselves unawares, leaping into the air and screaming and shouting until they are

exhausted ; or at baptizings to pitch themselves headlong into the water. Such religion has naturally little to do with the moral law, and they have their reputation for vice and lawlessness. Their clergy are men of their own calibre, and their ignorance and horror of Catholicity is so great that at first little children would run at the sight of Madame Lummis, having been warned that she would capture and kill them—no doubt a survival of the old fable in pagan Rome that the Christians sacrificed children in the Mass.

The negroes, though speaking of the mountaineers as "po' white trash," have imbibed their manners, customs, and prejudices, and one can readily imagine the sensation, even consternation, which the arrival of Madame Lummis naturally created in such a community. The going and coming of a priest, then of a Bishop, the very existence of a Catholic congregation unsuspected in their midst during past years, was a thundering theme in the pulpits and an excitement at the cabin fire-sides for miles back in the mountains. Unconscious of all this, our missionary lived those sunny Southern days in pain, peace, and happiness ; from her corner on the piazza, lying in her invalid chair, where she spent the greater part of the day, she looked down on the country road winding at the foot of the hills, and the mountaineers, in their white-capped waggons, going to and fro to the village tucked away among the woods. The negro children found her out, and scarcely a day passed when there were not two or three curly heads

beside her chair; they climbed the hill with wild flowers, or they lingered on their way from school to sing for her, knowing there were always sweets or pennies in her work-basket for them. She knew them all, and they her, and with child-like instinct they loved her. The mountain women in their sun-bonnets and quaint dress were her delight; they came, ostensibly, with their wares —vegetables, flowers, etc., and then generally they ended in speaking of religion and the Scriptures, revelling in quotations. One always knew the class of visitor she was entertaining by the sound of her laugh. The mountaineers were rather encouraged by her mirth, and there were many confidences exchanged on the "scarlet woman," and the "cacklics" and their machinations. Many prejudices, it is certain, those interviews removed, and many rough but kindly hearts were won by that sunny, simple, child-like humour that could not fail to convince the most sceptical of the purity and nobility of her mind.

XIII.

WHATEVER may have been the extent of the opposition to Madame Lummis, by the end of the summer the tide of popular feeling seemed strangely diverted in her favour. One night, when the *châlet* had closed its open doors for the night and the little household was wrapped in slumber, soft footsteps stole along the piazza, halting outside the French window of Madame Lummis' room, and the sound of music disturbed the stillness of the night. The effect was anything but soothing in the first moments of sudden awakening from her sleep, but as understanding came to her she was both touched and amused. It was a band of strolling mountain musicians come to serenade her as is the custom among those simple people. The peculiarities of the mountain music interested her even under the peculiar circumstances ; it is usually in a minor key, with a more or less pathetic strain ; the love songs are reflective rather than passionate ; the tunes chuckling, not merrily but in amused contemplation.

Little Mrs. Wadsworth watched all that happened to Rose ; she came often to see her "dear Romish neighbours," her best roses found their way to Madame Lummis' room, and no Mass

was ever said but the altar was beautified by her treasures. One day she came to see Madame Lummis, and declared that she had made up her mind to attend church every Sunday, come what might. There was no congregationalist church in the village, and being an unusually clever woman, as might be expected from a descendant of Benjamin Franklin, she had found the mountain sermons were not very satisfying; indeed, they had proved too much for her piety, and she had abandoned church-going. The mountaineers' fidelity in coming through the heat had edified her greatly, and made her determined to begin again. The carriage had been ordered to come round every Sunday for her and her sisters, and they would go wherever they could hear the best sermon. As she left she kissed Madame Lummis affectionately, saying she was glad she had known her, that she never wanted to lose sight of her, and from that hour she was all sweetness and kindness to her.

That autumn in the mountains, with the oak trees coloured by the slight frosts, was the most beautiful Madame Lummis had ever remembered; the air was like wine, and the warm sun allowed her still to sit out of doors. Her health seemed so much stronger that it was decided, for the sake of her work, to risk the winter on the heights, though the old mountaineers warned her of sundry "cold snaps" that might be expected after Christmas. Father Felix had returned to the Abbey at Belmont, and Father White, of Asheville, promised to continue the weekly Mass

as long as the weather would permit. For twenty-three years had this good old priest been journeying through the Blue Ridge, ministering to the few scattered Catholics, and he was then well-nigh worn out with his labours. Five churches and seven presbyteries had been the work of his hands, or rather of his head, for he had preached in almost every large city in the North, begging for assistance to build them. He showed great sympathy in Madame Lummis' efforts, and much pleasure in her success. The Sunday devotions continued with unabated enthusiasm, and some of the younger boys were being prepared for First Communion, which Rose was anxious they should receive before she returned to Simcoe.

Christmas morning dawned bright and radiant, with a lingering crispness in the air after the frost of the night. The village bells were calling all to worship the new-born King, and the Catholic mountaineers came in merry groups for their first Christmas festival. Laurels and rhododendrons were massed behind the altar, which sparkled with lights and colours, while the pines sheltered all in their soft feathery embrace. For the first time the "Adeste" was heard in these solitudes. To the younger ones, who had never been inside a Catholic church, it was new; to the parents its well-remembered tones had been listened to long years ago among the wild and rugged mountains of Bohemia, and in the humble chapel under the shadow of the crumbling cloisters of the "Island of Saints." Tears came

unconsciously and unbidden, but they were harbingers of joy and hope, as well as gratitude for all the happiness God had at last sent them. After the devotions they clustered around her whom they loved and reverenced as Heaven-sent. Everyone had brought her some little gift, the small boys revelling in their selections, while she, little dreaming of their intentions, had surprises for them all. The parents received a large mounted picture of the Sacred Heart, especially blessed for their homes, to remind them of their fidelity, aud the young people each something which they had particularly desired. Loving words developed into gay ones, and broken German, snatches of the almost forgotten brogue, and the mountain dialect were all strangely jumbled together in joyful excitement. It was indeed for all "a happy and holy Christmas."

Writing to her at this time, Archbishop Walsh says:—

> "My Dear Madame Lummis,—I am most thankful for your kind remembrance of me, and would have been disappointed if you had not written, as I have not heard from you for some time. This may be my own fault, but I hardly think you ought to enforce against me the Mosaic law of 'an eye for an eye' and a letter for a letter. I hope you are quite well, and I am sure you feel happy in doing God's work amongst His little ones. I am very well, thanks be to God, notwithstand-

ing my many pressing duties. There is a great deal to be done here, and plenty of up-hill work to be accomplished. It is consoling and encouraging to know that when we do our best with pure intentions and disinterested motives our Divine Lord will help with His fruitful blessing, and will cause the good seed to bring forth a rich harvest. I feel lonesome now whenever I go to London, for, like Mrs. Heman's 'birds of passage,' I find places and persons and all things changed. I sometimes think of yourself and Miss Gleeson away in the Carolina mountains, and I ask myself, without getting an answer, if you have cut connection with Canada for good and always. I dined in August last at Miss Gleeson's home in Ireland, and of course we had a talk of the missionaries at Hendersonville. The talk, however, was very charitable and was entirely in your favour. I have read Miss Gleeson on your charming resting place, and I am of opinion that the citizens of that locality ought to give her some jubilee honours; she has so advertised the locality that I am seriously thinking of spending next February there if only I could succeed in getting accommodation for myself and chaplain. Father Traher has just called to see me; he is looking very much improved in health—the hard work agrees with him. The weather here is broken and disagreeable in the extreme.

> It would not be wise for you to return to Canada until May or June. In conclusion, I wish you both a most happy Christmastide, abounding in richest blessings to yourself and all that are dear to you. I remain, with sincere respect, sincerely yours,
>
> JOHN WALSH, *Archbishop of Toronto.*"

As the mountaineers had prognosticated, the last of the sunny weather ended with Christmas; and for weeks following the north wind came shrieking down the mountains with ice in its breath and snow-flakes on its wings. Six times they all assembled for Mass, only to be disappointed. Father White had left home, but the elements had driven him back. Not a murmur came from them; all their sympathies seemed to be for the good old man, rising at five and striving through the icy streets to reach the train, and never succeeding. Some of the mornings were almost unbearable; the wind swept up those peaks as if it came from the North Pole. One family, driving in the early morning, nearly frozen, came across the village doctor, almost hidden in furs, on his way to a dying man higher up the mountain. In sheer amazement he asked them where they were going at this hour.

"To Mass," they replied. "Our priest has to come twenty miles for us, and we ought to go a few miles to meet him."

"Well," he said, whipping up his horse, "I

think no one but a Catholic would come out on such a day as this for church; I shouldn't, I know!"

It was only after six of such morning trips, when each time the people were fasting in the hope of Holy Communion, that they were at last rewarded.

The cold of the house had been intense; not only the water in the rooms, but the ink and everything in the kitchen had been frozen solid morning after morning. The Southern houses are not built, evidently, for the winter, for the thermometer went down to 18 above zero, though the stoves were kept burning all through the night. It is true that the mountaineers declared it an unusual winter; but one of the Irishmen said, with a twinkle in his eyes, that since he came to the place they had all been unusual winters, and he for one would like to see "a usual one just for once." However, at last the wind whisked to the south; heads were lifted and voices likewise in thankfulness because one could again feel warm. The transition was delightful; doors and windows were opened, soft breezes blew in from the mountains, and the past was almost forgotten in the beauty of the present. Spring brought the jonquils and the arbutus and the lilies; the mountain-laurel, or ivy, as the darkey children called it, was in full bloom in the woods surrounding the *châlet*, the bushes bending under the weight of the snowy blossoms. Easter had come and gone, and the time drew near for Madame Lummis' return to Simcoe.

There were protests on all sides. One woman, with caustic humour, said with a mournful face, "I always said when Almighty God made this place He forgot it ever belonged to Him, until Madame came to remind Him; now if we are left again no one will ever think of us."

The parting was a trial on both sides, but Madame Lummis had great trust in the promises of our Lord, and assured her friends that the Sacred Heart does not begin a work and then let it die unfinished.

Father White came to say the last Mass the day before Madame Lummis left Hendersonville, and spoke with much feeling of her going and of the peace and blessing her short stay in the mountains had brought to all. He hoped for her return, and promised his prayers and those of the people while they lived. All went to Holy Communion and received the brown scapular, and then came the sad goodbyes and tearful murmurs of "God bless you," the promises of frequent letters, and all then went their way, hoping against hope Almighty God would send her back to them.

The following note from Father Felix, O.S.B., came to Madame Lummis after Mass: "Your letter informing me of your early departure from the State has reached me. May God bless you and yours for the good you have accomplished among the poor people of Hendersonville! They will certainly never forget Madame Lummis as long as the Christian principles implanted into their hearts by you may remain, which I hope

will be always. You have, therefore, my blessing and thanks for the noble work you have accomplished among our people."

The morning she was leaving for Canada, two of the little coloured children came "to tell de Madame good-bye." Mary was ten years old and Jennie eight; when Rose had talked to them and dismissed them, and they were going down the steps, suddenly Jennie stopped and both piped up:

> God be with you till we meet again!
> When life's trials do surround you,
> Place His loving arms around you;
> God be with you till we meet again!

The little things sang it in harmony and it was very sweet and true, and naturally touched her extremely, ringing in her ears all the way to the station with a pathetic strain; and her sadness was increased by the sight of poor Aunt Mattie's tears as she waved her apron from the piazza until the carriage disappeared in a bend of the mountain road.

A joyous welcome awaited Madame Lummis on her return to Simcoe; Dr. Tripp was the first to greet her at the station, and to congratulate her on her wonderful restoration to health. The happiness of being again among her people, to see their content, to listen to their personal items of all that had occurred in her absence, to have the children around her and, more than all, to be able to walk to daily Mass once more, and often to pay an afternoon visit to the Blessed Sacrament,

were blessings for which she felt she could not sufficiently thank Almighty God.

Father Boubat had replaced Father Traher at Simcoe, and he arranged to have her invalid chair placed in the church, which arrangement not only saved her much fatigue, but enabled her to spend more time with our Lord without the increased suffering caused by want of support to her head and spine, such support being impossible in hard, straight-back pews. A short period before her return, Father Traher had been appointed to Mount Carmel, a large and important country parish. He wrote of his sadness at the coming change; he had not until then realised how he had loved the church he had beautified, his pretty home, the place and the people—Catholic and non-Catholic—with somewhat of the same feeling that had been hers for years. Madame Lummis felt for him and for the parish as no one else could feel, but she was too generous and unselfish not to see larger possibilities for Father Traher's zeal and devotedness in Mount Carmel, where his example and piety were much needed. His first impressions were not stimulating; the presbytery was built beside the cemetery, and the nearest railway station was eight miles across a flat, uninteresting country. That was at first. Soon hard work absorbed his days, and a genuine note of triumph reached Hendersonville after a time. He began by monthly Communion, and he told her the First Friday Mass would have set her heart exulting, could she but see the large church crowded, the

fervour and response of a people who had to come miles at early morning through snow and discomfort of every kind. That was but the beginning of all that Father Traher accomplished in the few years that followed. He was a model priest, and Bishop O'Connor called him to London to organise a city parish and build a church. With his soul on fire, he worked bravely in spite of discouragement and physical suffering. Everything he touched succeeded. The church was built, and when the ceremony of dedication was to take place his health gave way, and an immediate operation was deemed necessary. Speaking to the Bishop, he said: "Whatever happens to me, do not let it interfere with the ceremonies on Sunday." His dying wishes were obeyed, and the beautiful church, which was dedicated on Sunday with pomp and rejoicing, on Monday received within its portals the dead body of its pastor, of whom in truth it might be said that "the zeal of that house had eaten him up."

All through the summer heat Madame Lummis was better than she had been for years, happy at her old work, the children coming from the public schools for catechism, the mothers arriving at three for the Rosary, in which all joined, the boys racing down the hill to be in time. She was occupied with them often until five o'clock. After the instructions they lingered to talk or to play in the garden. They were always loth to leave her. At night she held her class for the women and girls, and the mornings were absorbed

with individual visitors, generally the poor and the distressed, who brought to her their woes or their tales of failure. It was a full, peaceful, blessed life, and yet our Lord seemed to wish her elsewhere. With the first nip of the winter frosts the weakness and cough returned, and then sorrowfully but firmly Dr. Tripp said that this time it must be exile! A Canadian winter was henceforth impossible; it meant certain death. With her experience of the previous year, resistance seemed hopeless; and, indeed, by December Madame Lummis was so ill that she could only travel as far as London, to rest at the Convent of the Sacred Heart before undertaking the journey to Asheville. As usual in moments of her direst sacrifices, she showed little of what she was enduring; but as the train bore her away from Simcoe for ever, she looked back wistfully, saying: "I fear it is my Calais, and will always be written on my heart." The guard on the train was most attentive, saving her every jolt and stop where he could do so. It was always a thing to be noted that when and wherever she travelled, the railway officials at first sight of her put themselves at her service, and treated her not only with marked respect, but almost with affection before the journey was at an end. At every stop they came to her, and it rarely occurred that their whole history was not confided to her sympathetic ears before many hours had elapsed.

This visit to London was a welcome rest on the road, a time for the renewal of old friendships, for prayer and contemplation. It was a time also,

in another way, of great consolation and happiness. The ordination of one of her Simcoe "boys" took place at the Cathedral, a grace for which she had prayed for years, and immediately after the ceremony Father Forster came to the convent to give Madame Lummis his first blessing. It was an affecting scene, fully realised by both, and the young priest told her that Bishop O'Connor's first orders to him was to go to her at once. "But for Madame Lummis, you might never have been here to-day," he had said.

Another of her "boys" whom she hoped might follow in Father Forster's footsteps came from a distance to assist at the triumph of his old school-fellow. He, too, went straight to the convent from the Cathedral to tell Madame Lummis that he had come to the ordination to see if in witnessing the ceremony he should feel one pang of regret, and should he feel such, he intended then and there to offer himself to the Bishop. But all through the Mass he felt convinced that his was to be a life in the world—moreover, a true and good one, he was determined. His subsequent letters on his efforts towards that end, his choice of a wife, and his marriage, were as full of interest to her as were those of the young priest who was destined soon after to become Father Traher's curate at Mount Carmel, and his successor as parish priest in Simcoe.

By late January Madame Lummis was able to continue her journey, resting for a week at the Sacred Heart Convent at Detroit to see Madame Augusta Pardow, who was Superior of that

house, and whom she had not seen since they were girls. It was a mutual pleasure, and old days were lived again and old family jokes and tales brought back the laughter and gaiety of girlhood, and it did seem as if there was no joy like religious joy, so merrily sped those days; though when the parting came both knew that the next meeting would in all probability be in eternity, as indeed it proved to be.

XIV.

MADAME LUMMIS spent the three following months in an old country house among the North Carolina mountains, which she thus describes to one of her dear Canadian correspondents :—

" Beaumont, Flat Rock.

" This address is better than the Hendersonville one now for us, as we get our letters a little more quickly, or rather a little less slowly. We are four miles from one town and three from another, in a lovely stone house, gabled and galleried and ivy-covered, approached by a wide avenue flanked by massive old pines and carpeted by brown pine needles, and at the gate from the road a little lake, a rustic bridge, a tiny waterfall. All around the house are pines, large rhododendron bushes, holly trees, laurels and rose bushes in leaf. We are alone in the house but for the owner's niece and her two children. I write before a huge log fire which keeps the room at seventy degrees, and which is a joy. We are having lovely weather, sunny and warm, and this morning we were out for more than an hour sitting in the sun, and were too

warm—think of that, you poor frozen Northerner! We hope Georgette may come up here to us and spend some weeks. I must not forget to tell you that John Bealey (one of her old Simcoe boys) secured our half-rate tickets for us, met us at St. Catherines, and went on to Buffalo with us, and saw us off to Washington; there we had only one hour's delay and went on to Salisbury, North Carolina, where we stopped all night at the quaintest little inn you ever saw. The next night we were at Asheville, and the following morning at 9 o'clock here, in our new home, that we already love."

In passing through Salisbury Madame Lummis wished to see the little Catholic church of the Sacred Heart, which was so loved and cared for by Christian Reid (Miss Christine Fisher), the authoress, and who died almost within its shadow a few years later. The stay at Beaumont was very pleasant; she loved the deep solitude, the quiet wandering beneath the magnificent pine trees, which reminded her of glorious cathedral aisles, and lifted her thoughts heavenwards. She never wearied of those walks; slowly and rejoicingly she went up and down, talking of Milan and its soaring arches, and the beauties and grandeur of ecclesiastical architecture which faith had raised to the glory of God. Everything beautiful in nature and art lifted her thoughts to the Creator of all.

The moment it was possible to return to "Little Sherwood," as she lovingly called her old quarters at Hendersonville, and the winter passed, she was all eagerness to resume her work; and Aunt Mattie was counting the days until she could be once more with her dear mistress. As she left Beaumont her hostess said with much feeling: "Madame Lummis, I know you like to do kind things, and I want to tell you that your stay here has made others happy, and given comfort and help to our poor neighbours."

Towards the end of March the sunny, Southern life had been taken up as if it had never been interrupted. Mrs. Wadsworth and her sister were there to bid their dear Papist friend a loving welcome; the mountain folk, the negroes, the little children she loved, but most of all her own dear Catholic people gathered around her, and to complete all, Our Lord Himself came the day after her arrival. It is thus she speaks of her happiness to one of her non-Catholic Canadian friends:

"Have I written you that we are back in our old mission, where but one Mass has been said since we left? And then it had to be in a farm-house, where but few, if any, could go. Father Marion came down the very day after our arrival, being sent for to baptise a dying child, and he remained for the funeral, thus giving us the happiness of Mass. He came again last week, and was delighted with the congregation—all were so happy and fervent. The father is enchanted with our chapel and has promised to

come every fortnight, remain a few days, and reserve the Blessed Sacrament: is not that a glorious privilege? I feel, too, as if Our Lord wishes us to be here, since He is willing to come so speedily to us. Pray for us that we may do all He wishes us to do. We have had a lovely winter, and I am much better, *Deo Gratias*. You and Miss Tisdale *must* come to see us; begin at once to save all your coppers! Georgette is in New York in the slums, and I am very anxious about her. She says she is very comfortable, but a house with twenty families in it cannot be very healthful! I wanted her to come here, but fear she will not."

Sister Georgette had a strong desire to work among the poor in the New York slums; she secured some rooms in a tenement not far from where Rose Hawthorne Lathrop had established herself. This lady, who had become a Catholic, was the daughter of Hawthorne and wife of George Parsons Lathrop, the clever New York editor. Finding there was no cancer hospital, Mrs. Lathrop took rooms in one of the squalid quarters of New York, where she could devote herself to nursing patients suffering and dying from that dread disease. Soon she was surrounded by the unfortunate, who came to her daily for the dressing of their wounds, and for her love and sympathy in the painful days of their lonely and laborious existences. Sister Georgette was much impressed with the heroic sacrifice of this clever and charming woman, and tried to do her share in the uplifting of those

around her. The study and experience of the slum life was of deep interest to her, and her almost daily letters to Hendersonville were eagerly read in the far-off mountain solitude, and fervent prayers went up from the great warm heart there for the success of those who worked in crowded courts and thronged thoroughfares, when she, with her frail health, was grateful if Our Lord would but give her something to do for Him in abandoned, quiet corners of the world.

Father Marion, who had succeeded old Father White at Asheville, was heart and soul with Madame Lummis in her aspirations for his missions. The question with him always was: Where could she do most? After his first visits to Hendersonville he saw possibilities for the future, and even prospects for a little church at no distant date. This thought filled her dreams, and an incident at the time spurred her on to fresh hope and trust in Our Lord and His answer to prayer, even after many years.

The pretty village of Port Dover on Lake Erie, eight miles from Simcoe, and one of its principal missions, had always been very dear to Madame Lummis; some of her most faithful children had come from the Lake, walking that long distance for her catechism lessons. There were few religious facilities, Mass being said but once in four weeks, and then the priest had to drive back instantly for the eleven o'clock Mass at Simcoe. For years there was a strong desire for a church and more regular Mass, but the years had come and gone and the prospect seemed as vague as

ever. Nevertheless, Madame Lummis' daily decade of the Rosary "for a church at Dover" continued with the same fervour and enthusiasm. Two generations of children had listened to and joined in her prayer, and often wondered, even asked, when the answer was to come. Father Traher was interested, and for a time hopeful, but nothing came of it. One day Father Foster arrived, and remembering the Rosary of his boyhood, and "Madame's" long desire, he quietly set to work, and before even the people realised what was being done, the pretty little church was finished. Madame Lummis knew nothing until she received the joyful news from Miss McNally, in whose father's house the Mass had been said for over thirty years. To a Dover correspondent she wrote:

"At last Miss McNally has her church, and with what speed it came after all the long waiting! I rejoice with you all, and I hope I may see it some day if God so wills. Canada is always my best beloved, and often some little thing will make me feel quite home-sick. Only yesterday our old Mattie spoke of a Canadian quarter of a dollar (1s.) she had had and rejected, and I found myself saying quite eagerly, 'Oh, why did you not fetch it to me?'"

At Mr. McNally's death she wrote to his daughter with much feeling:

"Only last eve did I hear of your great bereavement, and I hasten to assure you of our sympathy and prayers. What a consolation to you that you have ever been your father's greatest

help and comfort, and that you could, and did, make his life such a happy one! Then, too, his days have been days of peace and justice, and he has carried with him to his grave, and left as a heritage to his children, the respect and esteem of all who knew him. And what a blessing is an honourable name! Think, too, of all the many, many times your father has welcomed his Lord and Master beneath his roof, and do you fancy that our Divine Lord will be outdone in generosity now? No, no indeed, what a royal welcome He will give; I can almost hear Him say, 'I was a stranger and you took Me in.' We do not forget your good father in our beads every day, though I hardly feel that he needs prayer, yet you will like to know he is remembered. God bless and comfort you, dear, as He alone can!"

Madame Lummis had a child-like trust in Providence, and believed in prayer as the mightiest lever for the erection of the works of God. Of bazaars, fairs, lotteries, especially "contests," for the raising of church funds she had a horror. A popular custom in Canada and in the States on such occasions is the voting for the most popular young lady or gentleman in the congregation, and party feeling often runs high on such occasions. In answer to an account of such an experience, she thus gives her opinion:

"As regards the 'contest,' it is hard to be falsely accused, but oh, how I do dislike all those things! They invariably bring trouble and scandal, that continue long after the money is

gone and spent. We have just gone through such a trial here (of course we personally were not concerned in any way) ; it is a grief to see so much ill-will, evil-speaking, and even disrespect to the priest. Tell good, kind Father F—— that he does not suffer alone, though he has my deepest sympathy. I am glad you like him, and am sure you could not find a better, more deserving friend. Look up in *Hamlet* Polonius' advice to his son, Laertes. I am glad you will see Eric and his mother, as they and Roy come, too, under the head of the 'adopted, tried friends.'"

The sunny mornings at Hendersonville were generally spent by Madame Lummis in her steamer chair on the *piazza*, her meditation, prayers and correspondence absorbing her for hours. No matter how weak or suffering, the daily duty was observed ; the same portion of food was taken, whether she wished for it or not ; the bright smile, the sweet manner, even the merry laugh never failed, unless she was actually prostrate with pain. The sad and the weary came to her for sympathy as readily from Simcoe as when she was in their midst. The following is an answer to a Methodist neighbour, who wrote that her only surviving child was on the point of death :

"Your sad letter has but this moment been received, and oh, how very sorry I am for you ! I wish I could comfort and help you, my poor, dear friend ; but words seem so vain and useless at such a time of bitter trial. We can only trust

our dear Heavenly Father and beg of Him strength and patience. He loves your little Birdie even better than you; think of *that*, and if He calls her to Himself the suffering will be yours alone—she will be joyous and well. You who have the real mother's heart, warm, true and unselfish, can find consolation in this thought, and rejoice that your beloved is spared not only present but future suffering. Perhaps, too, after all Our Lord may spare her to you; we will begin to-day and pray for our little Birdie, and ask Our Lord's dear Mother to intercede for her and you. Take courage, dear, and try to live only in the present; do not look on to a dreary future that may perhaps never be yours. When God sends the cross He gives the strength to bear it, but He does *not* grant this before the time. When I read your letter I had to pause for awhile; I could not keep back the tears at the thought of your anxiety, and dear little Birdie's sufferings; and she is so sweet, so gay, so patient, she must be very dear and precious to Our Lord. I wish she were here with us; how she would revel in the radiant sunshine, the sweet, pure air! God bless and keep you all, and give you peaceful, happy days."

The prayers for little Birdie were answered, for she recovered, to be later her widowed mother's comfort.

"Where do you think we took our breakfast this morning? On the *piazza*—on the north side, too, as the sun was too hot on our heads! What do you say to that, you who are buried in

snow? I wish dear little Birdie were here; how she would enjoy the open life, the blue, blue mountains, the robins, and jays. Many thanks for Birdie's picture, though it does not do her justice; it has only her sweet expression to make it like her. I am far from well lately; I have so much fever and headache, and sleep so badly that, were I in the North, I am sure I should be very ill. I do hope Mr. Steinhoff is better now; it is so terrible to have the head affected—one can bear almost any other pain better! Katie enjoys the lovely, bright days; she says the time goes so fast: it is 'Sunday almost before Monday has begun.'"

There were sharp attacks of what looked like malaria as the months grew warmer, days of intense pain and prostration; but there was no relaxing of zeal. The little congregation kept increasing, and often after Mass one would hear in the groups clustered round Madame Lummis, neighbours thus addressing each other: "But I did not know you were a Catholic?" and the equally astonished answer: "But I never thought you one!" To win them all back to a love of God and a relish for the sacraments, to make them one in desire for the spreading of faith and virtue, to impress them with the honour and blessing of being Catholics, and true ones, our missionary worked with all her old sweet energy and charm. It was a new spirit and a new love infused into those isolated, neglected souls, and lonely hearts responded to the touch, and a joyous awakening irradiated those days,

and laid the foundation of a faith that was to strengthen and grow with the coming years. Madame's influence for good was not confined to Hendersonville. Numerous visitors from the Carolinas, Georgia, and even distant Florida, spending the summer months in the mountains, and hearing of the unexpected weekly Mass, filled the little chapel; and to make Holy Communion within reach of all, confessions were heard before Mass, and breakfast was ready afterwards for those who felt the fast, coming from a distance in the keen mountain air. It was an ideal life, and reminded those who saw it of the Spanish atmosphere of the old Franciscan missions in Mexico, with which Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona" has made us all familiar.

The reverence, gratitude, and love on the part of the visitors, and the sympathy and interest of Madame Lummis, began at that time, ended only when her work for souls had ceased. Her own life was merged in those of others; she lived and worked but for souls, and her happiness lay solely for that which was best for their interests. Dr. Tripp, often marvelling at her vitality and the manner in which her life was prolonged in spite of unceasing pain and illness, could only ascribe it to her ardent spirit and her absorption in her work for God—the triumph of the soul over matter. She herself used to say: "As your day, so shall your strength be." Happiness is the greatest of tonics, and what life more blest than hers? Peaceful, equable, joyous, she lived in an atmosphere of childlike trust and faith

in a God who was always with her, in little things as in great; and whatever befell, it was to her all the outcome of His loving Fatherly benevolence.

With the approach of autumn came the departure of the visitors, and there were promises of letters and assurances from Rose of unabated interest in their welfare. She had formed many new ties, a broader horizon had opened, and she found herself the recipient of simple and affectionate outpourings of home and parish items from many Southern cities, and was thus introduced to priests, people, and religious whom she had never seen, but who seemed like old friends. After her death there were touching tributes from many such unknown admirers, who had seen the result of her influence in the homes and souls of those for whom they cared. They came from all classes of society, but she was ever "all things to all men"; that magic word *souls* was the key to her heart, and if there was any favour shown by her, it was to the very poor and the most abandoned.

With the severity of the last Hendersonville winter in mind, Father Marion suggested that Madame Lummis should spend the cold months at Tryon, twenty miles further down, at an altitude of 1,500 feet—a tiny place at the foot of the mountains, facing the south, and protected from the north winds by the peaks which spring up from the very borders of the hamlet. It was inhabited principally by New England invalids, who spent their time in the cultivation of vine-

yards, and who boasted of being in the "thermal belt" and of other magnificent advantages denied to their fellow exiles in the North Carolina mountains. Being on the frontier of South Carolina, it had a reputation for lawlessness not quite reassuring, especially in a locality where negro servants seldom sleep in the houses of their employers, preferring their own cabins and their nights at revivals, and such-like exciting scenes of amusement. A pretty little furnished cottage was found quite close to the bigger residence of its landlord, in the midst of the woods, overshadowed by the hills, and with a tiny stream running through the garden that made music underneath the windows. Madame Lummis' health at the moment was very miserable, and indeed she was too weak for even the short journey, until the autumn had well set in. By the last of October she had taken possession of the Tryon cottage, and, as generally happened, the change had a beneficial effect. The roses were still blooming on her arrival; glorious blossoms lingered on the railings of the verandah, and the air was so soothing that in less than a week she had slept seven hours without interruption—a thing she had not done for over twenty years. The soft air and the balsam of the pines soon did their work, and the invalid was once more out of doors in the garden, or strolling up and down the verandah, ardently admired as she went by a little coloured maid—lent by General Markham, the landlord—who used to say with delight, "Yonder's de Madame taken

her extrasise !" Mary was a source of unfailing amusement ; she was always desirous of hurrying to the cottage on the slightest pretence, having fallen under the influence of Madame's charms ; and her originality and waggery were delicious. The echo of the old ring in the laughter from the *piazza* always announced Mary's visits. She was a "character," a loyal little soul ; and through her and her tiny brother and sister Madame Lummis was brought into touch and sympathy with the whole village population. The two little waifs quickly found their way to her and, incidentally, to food. At first they came occasionally ; finally they became part of the establishment. They had no mother, and a half imbecile father ; their days had been spent out of doors—anywhere, everywhere ; their nights often alone in the forlorn cabin they called home. Every morning they arrived for breakfast—Lady Hetty, aged six, and the Duke of Clarence, three years old. Half-dressed they came, and half-starved, with wistful eyes that brightened with the eager enjoyment of what Aunt Selina called their "rashuns." They were naturally merry little children, and Rose grew to look for their coming and going. One afternoon two ladies came to see her, very much grieved at the condition of a cabin they had come across one day in their walk through the woods. They told the story graphically of the two little children who lived there, and the ne'er-do-well father, Uncle Job. Madame Lummis called the children, and the ladies were introduced to Lady Hetty and

the little Duke. Madame explained that she had known them for weeks, and she wished the children might be sent to an orphanage. The news spread, feeling was aroused, societies for aid were appealed to, and the place rang with the tale of the two small waifs. An orphan asylum was found willing to receive them, and Catholics and Protestants discussed ways and means, and church unity possessed the village. In the midst of the upheaval Job, the half-witted, began to realise he was about to lose his jewels, and he emphatically declared he would never give them up. He loved his children, so he said, and alas! so few believed. They were to leave on Friday, and only late the evening before, with the decrees of the Church, the village, and the law all flung at him, did he consent to the separation.

At the little station next day the whole village assembled; it was a family matter. Some said Job ought not to be torn from his baby boy, while others declared the small Duke was to be taken away for ever, and "Heben was de next place dis town would see him in." Aunt Selina gave cheering consolation to Job, who stood with tears slowly dropping.

"Do dry dem tears! You didn't get no mudder for dese children, though you tried hard, and maybe de Lawd wants you to be a 'widow indeed,' as Paul talks on. He done said in de Epistle it war a heap better to quit marrin"—— The full discourse will never be known.

On Monday morning, Madame Lummis, stepping forth on to the piazza, nearly fell over two

children, the exact copies of Lady Hetty and the little Duke, only larger editions of them. Aunt Selina heard her exclaim, and rushed out with: "Lawd Almighty! If Uncle Job haen't fetched home de two other children from de country whar dey worked wid a farmer!"

Madame beat a hasty retreat and laughed heartily. The news spread, and the village laughed at the joke. Even the Rector, solemn and sad, and never known to give way to levity, heard the news with a twinkle in his eye.

For the Episcopal Rector, Mr. Ferris, Madame Lummis had much regard and sympathy. He wore a Roman collar and a reserved ascetic air, but his Dundreary whiskers made for him a profession of his faith. His congregation was small, and his fidelity in the midst of scant encouragement touched and edified her. Each Friday he held an afternoon service, being often his own sexton and clerk—and, alas! many times also the sole worshipper. All heard his bell, but few heeded. Invariably when its cracked notes came ringing down the valley, Rose would raise her heart to God and ask Him to bless the good old clergyman whose faith never failed. She often declared he was an example to all, to none more than herself; for nothing, she thought, was more deadening, more enervating than indifference.

XV.

MANY were the interesting items Madame Lummis learned of Tryon from its inhabitants—the marvels of its climate, the poets and playwrights who loved it, Sydney Lanier's last years there; of William Gillete's retreat beyond the village, where he wrote "Too much of Johnson"; of his eccentricities and boundless good nature; of a German poet who still sang in their midst. But the great item for which she longed she only learned at last from a bonnie little Scotch widow, who brought to her the glad news that she had found a Catholic! Is there any need to say that he hailed from the green shores of Erin. Has not somebody said that when the North Pole is discovered, an enterprising Irishman will be found sitting on it, coolly demanding in his best Cork brogue why the discoverer had not come up before now; that it was going on thirty years since he had seen the face of a priest!

An Irishwoman said to the writer not long ago: "They are talking of hearin' from Mars. Shure av coorse they'll be hearin' from it, if any Irishman can do it. Isn't there as many of us up there as in America? Don't the name say straight what they are—the *Mahers?* Isn't the County Tipperary full of the name?"

On Sunday the one Catholic appeared, a venerable and respectable man, and he was hailed with joy, since he was the congregation. He had a nice, honest old face, with a name and a brogue as racy of Kerry as O'Connell's own. He expressed his delight at our invalid's arrival, and said that fifteen years ago when the railroad was being built, an Italian missionary sent word to the Catholic men on the road that he was coming through the mountains, and would hear their confessions. There were only five: three Italians, a Scotchman, and our old Edward. On his arrival they all met him, and took him to the farmhouse where they boarded in the country. The Father said Mass the next morning and gave them all Holy Communion. Edward had not heard Mass since. He had been a rolling stone, and, of course, no golden moss had ever clung to him. He had landed in Montreal in the early forties, drifted south, fought on the Confederate side in the war, had been here, there, and everywhere since, but this was the spot he liked to consider home. Would Madame Lummis remain, and let him end his days in piety and peace? He showed his new clothes that his Protestant connections had given him that morning to come; his brother-in-law had wanted him to wear his own fine coat, but he refused, declaring he would be welcomed just the same in his old one; but the better one he would wear for Mass, please God! When he heard the priest would be down the following week he looked pleased, but solemn too; he wanted to go to confession, but he

seemed to think that the preparation was no small matter. On Wednesday morning he arrived as he had promised, "bright and early," looking like a fine old Irish farmer in his gala attire. All were proud of him. The parlour was the chapel, and the altar was beautiful with white roses and chrysanthemums gathered the evening before in the warm June-like air. An Episcopalian lady who wanted to know more of the Church, the little Scotch widow who, though a Protestant, had gone to the Nun's school in Glasgow, were there, and prayed and knelt with the others. It was a pathetic little congregation, but Edward could not have looked happier or prouder if he had been at some gorgeous ceremony at *Notre Dame* in Montreal. The Father gave a practical instruction, and after Mass Edward and the Protestants came forward to bid him welcome and to utter an earnest hope that this his first Mass would be the prelude of great things in this favoured and growing little Eden.

It was only on Sunday mornings, as the solitary bell echoed across the hills, that our missionary would realise how far off she was from all spiritual helps and associations. The people came down the mountain roads, across the brooks, out from the pines, on their way to the three chapels on the hill—but signs of the one true church, where were they? Before a little altar, with its crucifix and candles, three people were kneeling in union with the Mass then being said in Asheville, forty miles away—the only Mass this Sunday morning in all the beautiful moun-

tain world of Western North Carolina! The voice of the one old man, Edward, was heard as he counted the beads to which he had clung in all his wild wanderings through the New World, and the Gospel was read aloud, the old man sitting close beside Madame Lummis being, as he said, "hard of hearing," to catch every word of the old beautiful story. The devotions always ended with the Litany of Reparation to the Sacred Heart, and the words, "We all promise for the future that we will console Thee, O Lord," sounded strangely and touchingly from the solitude of that mountain wilderness. From the first Sunday with the congregation of three, things progressed. There were four the next Sunday, five after that, and very soon a dozen gathered round the little altar—and, better than all, the children appeared. The visitors arrived from the North, and for the first time in Tryon they could practise their religion openly. From Maine to Michigan they all met "in the one same spirit of faith, reparation, and love." At the next Mass, when the priest came from Ashveille, he was greeted with rapture, and the Protestants were to the fore, one Baptist walking four miles to be in time.

Old Edward proved a veritable apostle. On the evening of the priest's arrival he always ceased his work earlier than his wont, that he might meet him at the station and escort him to the sick in the outlying farmhouses, to prepare them for the sacraments on the morrow. He knew of all the invalids and the shortest way to them through the woods. After Mass he was

waiting to accompany the Blessed Sacrament, and when he had rendered every available assistance, he set off on his five mile walk to his work in the quarry. Father Marion became attached to the old man, and made him feel that he was indispensable for the sick calls, and he was in truth a genuine ray of sunshine to the dying men shut out from all intercourse with their fellows. To these the old man would come with his genial "God save all here," and he would amuse them with tales of the wild days in the mountains, and of the daring deeds of the Civil War. Late in the spring he had an offer of profitable employment across the border in South Carolina, which would occupy him for several weeks, and he brought the news to Madame Lummis, looking mournful at the thought of the temporary separation. She encouraged his going, since he could spend each Sunday at Spartenburgh, where there was a church and resident priest, and Edward decided on accepting the tempting offer. He waited for the next visit of the priest, and after Mass bade all a tender farewell, his tears flowing freely. Both Madame Lummis and Father Kennedy, a Canadian priest and an old friend, who had come down from Asheville for the Mass, were quite touched by the old man's affectionate emotion. His letters, written by a fellow labourer, came regularly; but during his absence two events occurred, the one pathetic, the other humorous, both of which it cost old Edward much to have missed.

Tryon was in all its May charm; the hot sun

beat down on the vineyards that lay along the slopes of the hills, and turned to silver the little brook that bustled through the valley. The Sunday morning devotions and reunions were prized as in Hendersonville. The open door of the cottage looked out on the rose garden, flaming and fragrant; from the cool hall, ceiled in oak, one entered into the parlour, the temporary mission chapel. A subdued light fell on the altar, which was set in the large bow window, on the rustic mountain benches and *prie-dieus* made of rhododendron, on the stained floor, the delicate green walls and the dado of polished pine. Through the half-open windows behind the altar the blue mountains were to be seen, the woods, the cabins, and the vineyards lying drowsily at their feet. The peace of the Sunday morning had fallen on the mountain world, and only the sound of prayer in the little chapel disturbed the stillness.

They were all gathered on the wide piazza after the devotions, when the old village doctor came up the drive. He was welcomed in their midst, and hurriedly announced the cause of his visit. He wanted the priest at once for one of his patients who was dying far up among the mountains.

It was a poor workman from New England, who had battled bravely since October with tuberculosis. He had arrived there friendless, and a kind Baptist woman had given notice to Madame Lummis of his wants. The priest had been at once to see him, and since then had been

his unfailing help and stay, spiritually and temporally. Only nine days before, the invalid had felt so much better that he had set off for Melrose, one of the lesser peaks, and was to remain with some mountaineers for the summer. Then the doctor, who in his benevolence had attended him all through the winter, had been sent for one day at dawn; but scarcely could he find his way over the rough roads, well as he knew the mountains, to the place where the man lay.

He had feared the worst, and thought there was no time to delay; as Catholics were so particular about these matters he had wished the Father to be notified in time. A telegram had been sent at once, in the knowledge that it was sure to find the priest at home for his Sunday's work. Any other day of the week he might have been away on one of his numerous missions through the mountains; a man with a parish one hundred and forty miles in extent is not often found by his own fireside. By the early train next morning Father Marion had arrived, and hearing he was none too soon, left at once for the mountain, accompanied by Mr. McKenna, a northern visitor, who knew something of the roads higher up. The doctor had warned them that the journey would be an arduous one; he had left some pine boughs on the road which would guide them to their obscure destination. Mile after mile they had journeyed slowly upwards off the main road, when they came on the doctor's sign almost buried in the underbrush; they passed through the gap, across

the mountain, then down, straight down, until they came on a solitary cabin without sign of life or habitation. They had entered the yard and the open door, but there was not a sound anywhere. Two unmade beds there were in a half-empty room, and the Father thought, "He must be dead, and they are away burying him." Still pursuing his investigation, he had gone into another room, and there exclaimed:

"God help him, poor fellow; here he is!"

Lying helpless and suffering they had found him, with flies covering his emaciated face, and he too weak to brush them off. The dying man had heard the well-known, pitying tones, and had looked up with a faint, welcoming smile.

"I knew you would come to me, Father," he had said with a gasping sob, and the weary eyes had closed, satisfied that, no matter how far from home and those who loved him, there was a friend who would be true to the last. The Sacraments had been solemnly administered, and the priest had asked the dying man if he were resigned. Raising himself for the effort he had said: "I am, Father; I want to go now." The Father had lingered long, loth to leave the sufferer, but finally left at sunset for Tryon where he was to spend the night.

Father Marion was up betimes next morning. The mission Mass was over, and he was preparing to catch the first train for home, when the doctor arrived, and soon after him another hasty messenger, with the news that the sick man had died last night; the poor weary

spirit had flown back to its Creator. Plans were instantly changed; everything must be left to bury the dead. A Protestant lady kindly offered her horses for the long drive back to the cabin. The Father mounted at once, fearing the burial would be over before his arrival, as the mountaineers thought him to be in Asheville. It was high-noon when Father Marion crossed the gap and rode down to the cabin; a few men hanging round the door looked at him curiously as he dismounted, tired, hot, and dusty. The good woman of the house came forward with a rough welcome:

"Put the crittur in the house, and I'll push hay through the cracks."

The impromptu stable was a railed-in affair, through which the horse was to receive his food. The offer was made in kindly tones and the hospitality was genuine. The beast attended to, she led the priest into the cabin and invited him to dinner, and he sat down with the family. Then they led him to the dead man, whom they had laid out in his best clothes as respectfully and reverently as if he were their very own. The priest was much moved; it said so much for these people, who might have buried the stranger coffinless and concealed his belongings.

They brought forth an old leather bag, the property of the dead man. It was almost empty, but contained a book by St. Francis de Sales, well worn, and a few odds and ends, all of which the Father presented to the family.

"And now," the woman said anxiously,

"there ought to be a watch, for he had a chain about him that he loved mighty well. I've done looked a right smart for that 'ere watch, but I can't find it."

"Let me see the chain," the Father asked.

Slowly and solemnly the woman went into another room, and came back with a pill box, which she opened with great care, holding the contents up to the Father. He looked down on the poor, worn, blackened chain; it was the dead man's rosary! Seeing the priest's earnest look, the woman repeated: "He loved it mighty well!" He took it up reverently.

"We will bury it with him."

"Yes," said the woman again; "he loved it mighty well."

Together they went to the dead man, and the women put the rosary on as if it were really a watch chain. The Father looked on quietly, making no effort to explain.

Mr. McKenna arrived at this moment, glad that he was in time, notwithstanding all the delays on the rough road. The people were gathering for the funeral, though whence they came it was difficult to discover, for not a house could be seen through the mountain vastnesses. A loud rumbling in the distance and a faint sound of shouting, and soon there came slowly up the hill a team of oxen bearing the coffin. The men brought it in the yard, and they placed the dead man in it, the women hurriedly making a pillow, and when all was ready the strange procession started from the cabin. The women

followed in sun-bonnets, with babes on their arms, and the little children who, as they grew tired, were lifted up beside the coffin, and stalwart mountaineers straight from the fields. On they went, lumbering up the steep, stony road to the sound of the lash of the whip and the ringing "whoa-hei"," as the oxen laboured from side to side.

At last, at the end of two hours, they reached the top of Melrose, and there, wild in its isolation, lay the cemetery, an open field, beyond which lay the most beautiful landscape of gorge and pass and wood and water, light and shadow. A crowd of men with spades and hoes were awaiting the arrival. They had left their work to attend the funeral and to see for the first time in their lives a priest. In silence the oxen were taken from the cart and tethered beneath the trees. The coffin was gently lowered, and the priest, looking earnestly at the mountaineers, said: "Gentlemen, take off your hats and let us join in prayer for our departed friend." He was obeyed at once; simple, clear and heartfelt was the Father's supplication for the soul of the dead Irishman, and no *De Profundis* recited in a Catholic churchyard could be more pleasing to God than the "Our Father" of these simple, ignorant, honest mountaineers of North Carolina. The Father rose, and by the open grave spoke of the beautiful doctrine of the communion of Saints. They grouped themselves around him, leaning on their spades, resting against the ox-cart, standing with folded arms before him in every

attitude of earnest, respectful attention. The valley lay by now in shadow at their feet, and the mountains shut them in from the outside world. The winds of Heaven blew over the strange group, isolated, uncouth, ignorant as of old had been the multitude that followed the Master up into the mountains, when He taught them the new wonderful lesson of the eight Beatitudes. When all was over, they knelt again with him in prayer, and gathered round to take his hand in kindly farewell. When he came to his host, the priest asked if he had paid enough for the expenses, and the warm response came quickly: "Enough and more than enough." With a last "God bless you all," the young priest drove down the mountains as the sun was sinking behind their blueness. The mountaineers dispersed, talking in their slow, solemn way of the events of the day and of the new light that had fallen upon them over the grave of a poor exile. There he lay, sleeping his last long sleep on the mountain top, under alien skies, the once bright, bare-footed lad who had climbed the rugged sides of Mangerton and looked down on the picturesque lakes of his own beautiful Killarney; the hard-worked labourer in a stifling manufacturing town of the New World, achieving prosperity at the cost of his health, putting by for a "rainy day" money that was all to be spent in the journey south in the vain flight from consumption. In his life poor and honest; in his death a missionary. By his grave the men of the hills learned to know something of the old

Church, unchanged and unchanging in her tender fostering care of her children, a care never more beautiful than when shown towards the poor, the lonely and the exile.

The other episode to which we have alluded the following letter will best describe :

"Only imagine where I spent all day yesterday. In a North Carolina courthouse as principal witness in a burglary case. I have kept it back, fearing to alarm you, but like all things in this world it has come to light. Now that we can speak of it calmly, it seems a good joke—well, no, not quite, but less appalling. Shall I begin from the beginning, and tell you all, as the children have it? I have told you of the cottage and the village and the climate, how that we are near everyone, though surrounded by those glorious pine woods, and as rural as heart of woman or poet could desire. The coloured servants going home at night and leaving us alone we felt at first, but custom makes difficulties trifles, and soon we rather liked it. There was nothing to fear; burglary is a capital offence in North Carolina, and the crime is of rare occurrence. Indeed, a burglar and a ghost were to my mind alike—both often heard of but never seen. One night I was aroused suddenly by a step on the *piazza*. I listened, but there was no further sound. Disgusted with the interruption, I resumed my slumbers, when sometime later a noise at the outside shutter below my window awoke me again. I was on the floor at once, now thoroughly alarmed; 'mother's' room opens into mine; I

called her, but she too had heard the unwonted sound. To make assurance doubly sure, I went downstairs, threw up a window on the landing looking down on the *piazza* from whence the noise came, and demanded in a very bass, indignant tone, that I hoped would strike terror to any marauder, 'Who is there?' Not a sound; the night was black as Erebus; I could not see my hand. I waited, and thinking I must be mistaken soon went off again to slumber soundly. For the third time I was awakened, really frightened, by the sound of soft steps coming up the stairs. Unconsciously I cried, 'Who is that?' when mother answered 'hush,' scarcely above a whisper. She came from the stairway, and without a word locked our doors opening on the hall, saying quite calmly: 'Now go to sleep; there is no fear, our doors are safe.' Again I slept, but this time it must have been but for a short time, for the tugging at the window-shutter was more distinct than ever; and cross and indignant at all these interruptions, I determined to put an end to them once for all. Opening my window, I called down to know what was the matter, and receiving no reply I became enraged, and seizing a stick rapped loudly on the roof of the *piazza*. A heavy footstep echoed below! That settled the matter; there was a man there. 'Mother' was beside me now, and told me the reason she had locked our doors was that on going down to the parlour to see if she could distinguish voices outside, to her horror she had heard lurching steps come up from the

gravel walk on to the *piazza*. She had not dared to tell me, fearing to alarm me; but now there was no further use for delay. General Markham's house was just across the garden; we screamed 'Help! Help!' frantically, I whacking my stick on the side of the house with all my strength, utterly regardless that I was pounding on my own fingers (a broken nail was a souvenir of that night for months). The sound of our voices seemed to incense the man, for he cried out below: 'You stop dat noise; what you call Mr. Markham for?' From the tones we knew it was an intoxicated negro, which did not calm our fears. 'Help! Help!' rang out above the roaring of the torrent, but not a sound from the sleeping general. It must have been almost five minutes of agony when Mrs. Markham's voice came back in cheery tones. 'He is going,' she cried. What a relief! We closed the window. Profound silence from our dusky intruder—when lo! without a moment's warning came the fierce tearing open of the parlour shutters and a crashing of broken glass as if the man were frantic. And then—dead silence. We were at the window, shouting: 'He is in the house—quick! quick!' The old general's voice came across the garden: 'I am coming! I am coming!' It was too dark even to distinguish his figure, but—brave old man—he kept assuring us all the way there was no one there. He came cautiously round the cottage, found the broken glass, called to have the door opened for him, and I ran down to let him know the full extent of the damage.

He came into the hall hastily, armed with a slender stick. We examined the parlour window, and found one large pane broken out completely. I happened to raise my eyes, when lo! behind 'mother's' chair, his hands on each corner like a statue in bronze, stood 'our burglar'!

"'There he is!' I cried in terrified tones; and like the brave woman I always knew myself to be, fled upstairs, leaving the General to fight single-handed! We could hear the old soldier's tones of authority and indignation. 'What brought you here?' 'I don't know'—sullenly. 'Bring me down a rope,' thundered up the General to us from the parlour. I ran down with one immediately, less awe-stricken by now, seeing that the enemy was getting the worst of it. 'Put your hands behind your back,' demanded the General. The man refused. The stick was lifted and the negro submitted without a word. In silence the veteran dragged his prisoner out through the hall, down the steps, and they disappeared into the darkness of the night. Then we *were* anxious. They had to cross the torrent on stepping stones to get to the constable's house on the hill. The man stopped and refused to wet his feet. The stick was again brought into play, and together they jumped the stream, and the burglar was deposited in the policeman's best parlour, to the wild consternation of his wife and children. The General returned at once to assure us of his safety, and chuckled over the whole affair. Mrs. Markham arrived, and she was as frightened as we were. She thought there might have been

three or four negroes around the house, and feared they might shoot her husband, unarmed as he was; but she knew duty must go before her forebodings. We loaded him with praise, and he well deserved it. Next morning the village was in a high state of excitement; lynching was openly discussed; the negroes were furious; such a thing had never been known in this quiet neighbourhood. The burglar, it seems, was quite intoxicated, and had been flung out of some cabin where he lodged. Not knowing what he did, he meandered into us. So he said, but no one believed. He was from South Carolina, working here for a time, and all disowned him for an acquaintance. The whole community rejoiced in our escape. The Episcopal Rector called the next day, and said the man must have been paralysed when he found himself in the parlour. We did not tell him that just a week before, where the negro stood, the altar was arranged for the mission Mass. The Sacred Heart protected us, we knew; He was not deaf to the prayers we had said but a few hours before that we might be protected from "fire, robbers, and all contagious diseases." Time passed, and we had almost forgotten our escape, when one Monday evening the constable arrived with much pomp and importance to subpœna me as a witness in the trial. Protests were useless, offers to pay a fine treated with contempt; the law spares neither age, sex, nor unwilling witnesses. The County Court was six miles away at the foot of the mountains, the ancient village a sleepy

hollow, with a picturesque air about its deserted streets. The drive there was beautiful, but lost on me, agitated and wrathful as I felt. The little hotel parlour was unoccupied, and beside an open window, overlooking the mountains and a vegetable garden, I buried myself in a book. I dined with the Judge and—Mrs. Judge, a very solemn-looking person. Our conversation was melancholy. I felt I was in the grasp of the law, and could not even smile. Of course we did not talk shop ; courts and trials were not so much as alluded to. Had I been in my normal condition I would have laughed at the state of affairs. The ceremony, the stately procession, the military, the gowns and wigs, and all the formality I had known of English courts and judges, and then—this ! A plain man of the farmer type, dignified and simple, receiving not the slightest extra notice and attention from mine host or even the waiter. A judge to-day ; to-morrow a citizen, no better nor worse than his fellows. I could not decide whether the Kingdom or the Republic seemed better in my eyes. Later, when actually in the court, the contrast seemed even greater. No fashionable throng gathered to listen to the legal stars from town ; there was no show, no ceremony. The judge sat at a teacher's desk, the mountaineers and negroes on the benches lately occupied by the pupils, the lawyers on chairs at the top of the room, drinking now and then from a pail of water right under the stern eye of his 'Lordship,' and marching backwards and forwards for the refreshment as often as it

seemed good to them, while the trial ran its slow, dull course. The air—ugh! I departed and sat under a tree in the yard until the fatal moment when the Crown Prosecutor—no, the Attorney-General, that is the word—came to escort me to the head of the room. He was very polite, very considerate. The 'first gentleman in Europe' could not have been more genuinely sympathetic, and I told him my little tale with less thought of myself than if chatting with you on the *piazza*; all caused by the exquisite delicacy of the men in whose court, *pro. tem.*, I found myself. Polish, style, elegance are very well, but these and more I found in a North Carolina court-house.

"'Our burglar' I really saw for the first time, and was surprised to find him so youthful. His defence was that he knew not where he was, nor meant to injure us; he had been drinking. The judge was convinced that the fellow was not himself, but gave him a piece of his mind and ten years in gaol! So the gallantry of the South was defended."

XVI.

SOME weeks later a few almost illegible lines from old Edward told the sad tale of a bad accident in the quarry. A stone had fallen on his foot, and he was returning to Tryon at once. The next day he was driven to the cottage, and his delight at again seeing Madame Lummis for the moment hid the alteration in his health caused by the unfortunate accident. He appeared again on Sunday for the devotions, and he vowed he would never again leave Tryon. During the week he caught a cold which developed into pneumonia. Madame Lummis became alarmed and sent for the doctor, who assured her there was no danger. She did not wish to call Father Marion away from Asheville on Saturday evening unless in case of death. All through the night the old man was in her thoughts and prayers, and during the devotions on Sunday morning, almost without her intending it, each decade was offered for Edward, and all earnestly joined. She sent the telegram to catch Father Marion after Mass, but when her Mercury reached the office, the news was brought that Edward was dead. It then transpired that he had been longing for Father Marion, but said unselfishly over and over, "Sure, if he comes to-day they will all lose

Sunday's Mass in Asheville!" Madame Lummis was greatly grieved, and as the old man had died with non-Catholic relatives, begged that the body might be brought to her; and the friends decided it was what Edward would have most wished. Instead of the customary rude coffin of the mountaineers a handsome casket was found in the village which had been ordered some weeks before for a wealthy Northerner in the last stages of consumption, who had rallied sufficiently to undertake the homeward journey. Now, by a strange irony that often follows his countrymen, it was destined for this wandering, penniless Irishman.

Before the altar he lay, and Madame Lummis watched beside him with deep reverence and affection. The telegram to Father Marion, through some blunder at Asheville, only reached him the following morning when he was in the southern part of the State, and he wired that the funeral should take place and he would come through the week to bless the grave. When the mountaineers assembled for the last sad rites, they entered the pretty little chapel with feelings of wonder and respect. The peace and beauty, the consideration displayed by a stranger for this poor old man, were all new things, and did much to remove the deep-rooted prejudice against the Church, which is part of the mountaineers' religion.

The great heat of June drove the Northerners homewards; and on his next visit Father Marion decided it would not be prudent for Madame

Lummis to remain at Tryon through the summer. With his increased work during the coming months, when the Asheville season was at its height, necessitating two Sunday Masses, besides constant sick calls, there seemed but a vague chance of his being able to visit Tryon. He therefore suggested her going to Hot Springs, where there was a little church—seldom used, alas; but at the time an invalid priest from New England was spending some months there, and weekly Mass at least was assured. There were also children needing instruction, and Madame Lummis' presence might effect much good in the little congregation. By this time she had learned to arise and go at the first call, and our missionary was up and away the following week. Her letter to Miss McNally tells her impressions of the new mission:

"What a welcome surprise your letter was! Do please favour us often in this most agreeable way. You and Madame Gleeson, a nun of the Sacred Heart in France, were the only ones who remembered my feast; at least, who gave an outward sign. Many thanks; it was very sweet and good of you. What do you mean by Mr. Smith's red lily? And did he send it to the Simcoe church for my feast? It seems almost incredible. I never heard of it, and to almost everyone "out of sight is out of mind." Tryon was so very hot that Father Marion ordered us here without delay. It is much cooler, 800 feet higher, and so far no dampness, no flies, pure and invigorating air, and the mountains so close

that a few moments' walk takes you to their very feet. There is always the music of the falling waters, as the French Broad dashes through the little village, and a rapid brook dances merrily along on the outskirts. Above and beyond all, there is the prettiest little church, with statues from Paris, stained windows from Munich, and at present Mass every Sunday, besides two others during the week. Many sick priests come here for the mineral waters; we have had the Vicar-General of Mobile, who has promised us some books, and still have a dear old priest from New Haven. They are all entertained by a holy, wealthy Irish family here (two sisters and two brothers), whose whole lives centre in their religion. Yes, is not F—— wonderfully changed? I did not recognise him; it seems as if good Father Japses' prophecy were coming true—'that he would be a priest, and make them all proud of him!' I am so thankful you have Father Forster; he will do much good and win many souls to God. No wonder you enjoyed your trip to Ottawa. God bless you, dear."

As usual, the children were her first thought, and the day after her arrival a little girl came to see her. She announced that her name was Alice, and had come from California to visit her grandmother. The child was odd, and evidently accustomed to the society of her elders. She dealt largely in trisyllabics, and always succeeded in pronouncing them properly. One sometimes forgot that she was little more than a baby, so sage, so *à propos* were her remarks.

When she rose to go, the little one's air was inimitable; the formal manner and dignity of the woman of the world were conspicuous in every movement. Standing beside Madame Lummis' chair, she put out her hand in farewell, and the little fingers were taken possession of, and her hostess said smilingly: "You will come to me for catechism, and bring any children you can find; we are so few here, and you must set a good example to them all. We shall call you the little apostle."

Alice seemed very reflective, and answered slowly: "Yes, I will see what I can do to bring them all."

The following Sunday, punctually to the hour, she came, escorting a little girl of ten.

"Here's the immense Sunday school," she said with a bright smile.

"Is that all you could find?"

"Well, I went to Mrs. Conway the evening I left you, and told her I was responsible for her family, and I said to them all: 'Now, as many of you children as can, be ready when I call to take you to catechism.' Annie was the only one watching for me; the two little ones will be here next Sunday; their mother apologised for them. The boys are coming up the hill."

Scarcely had the little apostle finished her peroration, than two tall lads entered with broad smiles. Alice, like a little queen standing in their midst, regarded her flock with great dignity. With great regret she confessed she could not read; if she could "Mass would be much more

interesting; and yet perhaps it is just as well," screwing her little face up into a knot, "because if I could read I might be tempted to read *trashy books!*" No one laughed; but Charlie, a lad of sixteen, put his hand over his face surreptitiously, and indulged in a quiet chuckle. Alice went on earnestly: "I always say my beads at Mass, though it is difficult to finish; the priest and the choir interrupt so often, it is really very trying," she said in her most languid tone.

Sunday after Sunday she appeared with her increased class. Catechism seemed easy, but early Mass (and there was none other) was a severe task. Having lost Mass once through excessive sleep—poor little mite—she came up very much ashamed, and confessed her sin before the class. "It is hard to be a Catholic here (her mother was a convert) with no one but myself in the house," she wailed.

"You miss your mother?" Madame Lummis asked, looking down at the small sufferer for the faith.

"Yes, sometimes I think I can't wait another day to see her"; and then, with her wonted truthfulness, remembering the many hours absorbed in amusement, "and sometimes I do not miss her so *terribly* much." As she was leaving, she declared she must make other arrangements about waking for Mass. "You know," she said, turning back on the steps, "it is hard to be an apostle; you say I have to give good example, take charge of the children, think of all my prayers, get up for early Mass, and now mother

writes to tell me to put flowers on our Blessed Lady's altar every week for her, and you know I must play sometimes."

"Yes," Madame Lummis said consolingly; "you know you are a *little* apostle. If you were a *big* one it would be different." That seemed to lighten the burden, and she went away braced up for the struggle!

The early Mass in the pretty little church above the torrent and the mill dam, and the coming of Alice and her children were the joys anticipated all through the week. As Madame Lummis came out of church the first Sunday, the two visiting priests, Dr. O'Callaghan of Mobile, and Father Mulhall of New Haven, and the little congregation, were awaiting to welcome her; and to her surprise one of her Georgia friends of last year was in their midst, delighted at the unexpected meeting. The previous summer, in speaking of her life and interests, this woman had mentioned sadly that though she had been married eight years, God had never blessed her with a little child, and then she had asked Madame Lummis to pray to the Infant Jesus for that blessing, and the promise had been given. Now, with scarcely suppressed radiance, she said that before many months she expected to be a mother; and so assured was she that it was in answer to Madame's prayer, that she would consider the child was hers, and none other.

In this mission it was among the more cultured class that her influence was most felt; her afternoons were given up to the strangers who came

—many of them with introductions, some through curiosity, others seeking light and guidance—to see her. Illness and helplessness often lead to serious thought of eternity, especially among those honestly searching for the truth. A doctor from Kentucky, suffering and helpless, hearing of Madame Lummis through others whom she had helped, was brought to her one day, and after an hour's interview declared he had never heard such a clear, concise explanation of Catholic dogma. For long he had ceased to belong to any church, and the teaching of the Catholic Church as he had seen its influence at death-beds had struck him forcibly. A priest with whom he had come in contact had greatly attracted him; he had read much, and now wished to speak of his doubts. The result was his leaving for home and his determination to be received as soon as possible into the Church while there was yet time to prove his faith. A few lines in pencil told her of his safe arrival home, and of his difficulties in following out his desires to become a Catholic: "I felt very lonely after leaving Hot Springs for home; I did not sleep much on the train, but was as comfortable as I could expect on the sleeping car. I was much fatigued, and the mosquitoes are terrible; there is no peace day or night unless one is under a bar. My rheumatism is no better, and I fear I may become a hopeless cripple. A good lady friend had Mass said for me by Father Barry, whom I know so well; he said he would come to see me. My people suspect my intentions, and are very bitter against the Church.

Now, my sister, I want you to pray for me, that I may be healed both bodily and spiritually. I shall see Father Barry and tell him my troubles; may be he can help me. Now I shall pray that you and I may be restored to health, and fitted and prepared for the final end."

The weekly Mass continued until the late summer, though Dr. O'Callaghan left two weeks after Madame Lummis' arrival. At his last visit to her he suggested her spending the winter at the Convent of Mercy at Selma, where she could have daily Mass and Holy Communion. The idea appealed to all her soul's longings, but it did not seem possible at the moment. Father Mulhall, though in the last stages of consumption, was particularly kind, offering to hear her confession in the house to spare her the least fatigue. Rarely a day passed that he did not try to see her, and she thus learned much of the early struggles of American missionary priests, who had to build and to borrow to keep pace with the sudden upspringing of towns and cities where a few years before there was but the lonely farm and the wild stretch of forest. Madame Lummis always remembered the good old priest. He spoke to her of the school questions that, like the poor, will be always with us. The double-taxed American is generous in his support of Catholic schools for his children, but the hard-worked priest has to procure the support of the religious and build the convent and schools for their reception before he can hope to begin the yearly

grind of collecting. It is to the prudence and foresight of these pioneer priests, many of them Irishmen, in buying for Church purposes rural property which the sudden growth of cities renders of immense value, that the Catholic Church owes the splendour of her cathedrals and churches and the numerous convents and institutions scattered throughout the States.

Father Mulhall left Hot Springs reluctantly, hoping to return in the spring, but three weeks later "the labourer's task was o'er," and the good old priest had gone home after a long, happy and busy life. He had been a great comfort and pleasure to Madame Lummis, and had brought back to her the memory of the old days when she had just become a Catholic by his tales of Father Hart, of whom she had not heard for years.

In August there was a mountain freshet such as had never been known in the village. The mill dam burst, and the volume of water swept all before it. Of the town bridges only one remained. If the dam had not given way just when it did, the mill and village would have likewise vanished. The brook and river joined issue and became a small Mississippi, to the consternation of the villagers, who did nothing all day but watch for further developments. Cabins and their contents went floating down stream; new American buggies, tied to the fences for safety, were seen to totter and then dance along, only to be swallowed up in the resistless French Broad River. The little apostle Alice looked on in horror as her

catechism children, the Conways, were all being carried out of their house, which was perched picturesquely if perilously on the banks of the river. When at last the waters had subsided, the *débris* carried down the mountains was lying everywhere, and the decaying matter under the broiling sun proved a serious danger. Madame Lummis, always susceptible to atmospheric influences, suffered severely in consequence. For weeks she could not leave her room, and Father Price, who was doing temporary duty at Asheville, came at once to bring her Holy Communion. It was their first meeting, though they had corresponded on their mutual aims and interests. This good priest, so well known through the Southern States, had devoted his life to the conversion of North Carolina. With the permission of the Bishop he went from town to town, preaching in the market-place and being plied with questions, which he desired, but often with cabbages and worse, which he did not desire, before he won a hearing on the claims of the Catholic Church. Undaunted he continued his way. He slept anywhere and everywhere, ate what he got, and went about distributing literature broadcast. The seed fell here and there; his ambition for souls was boundless, and he brought to his aid the apostolate of the Press. He started a little magazine called "Truth" for non-Catholics, in which questions of Catholic dogma were asked and answered. It became so popular that there were few towns or villages from Philadelphia to New Orleans in which it was not known and welcomed.

Father Price also organised an orphanage for working lads, and his many works finally culminated in "Nazareth," an institution he founded near Raleigh, the capital of his dear North Carolina. At the time he had first met Madame Lummis his plans were brewing ; but he came not to speak of his interests, but of hers. At her request he had gone twenty miles across the mountains to receive into the Church one of her Hendersonville converts, a man earnest and clever, and just the type he sought. He told her of his impressions of her people, and how they edified him by their piety and perseverance, and he urged her on to renewed efforts, physically and spiritually, for their great mutual longing—the conquest of souls.

She rallied sufficiently to go up to Asheville some weeks later, and a longing to see Mother Schulten resulted in a visit to Canada. It was the year of the election of Mother Digby as Superior General of the Society of the Sacred Heart, and Mother Schulten arrived from Paris just in time to welcome her dear missionary in Montreal. There were three weeks of happy rest and spiritual aid and counsel, and she who was always giving was now receiving. There was much to hear and much to learn, and Rose's desire to be near her spiritual mother led to another trial of Canadian winter work. As a result of a correspondence with Father Brady of Woodstock and his Lordship Bishop O'Connor, who knew Madame Lummis and the good she might do in that growing parish, she went to

Woodstock from the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Montreal, and found a number of children who were greatly in need of her influence and instruction. She threw herself into the work, and in a few weeks the result was visible. The children came to her from far places, and she had restored order out of chaos almost before the children themselves realised the power and sweetness in their midst. But evidently our Lord wanted her in missions still more destitute and wished her heart and attractions elsewhere, for with the first flurry of snow it was plain that the work for God would be on a bed of suffering and not in the class-room with either children or adults. The blow was hard to bear for the moment, but it was brushed aside again and the cross taken up, and she set out once more bravely and smilingly for the mountains and the South. The Woodstock letters never failed, and the pencilled scrawls of those warm-hearted children were found among her prized correspondence when those guileless words of love and fidelity had no longer power to touch her.

XVII.

THE heartache in leaving Canada and all the loved friends and associations was soothed to some extent by the genial climate, the beauty of the mountain world, that she found on her arrival at Asheville. Fresh air and sunshine were her very life; and in her notes we find the following extract from George Curtis, which was but an echo of her sentiments on the miseries of winter:

"As we come into the spring again we have a sense of escape, and so strong is this that we call it happiness. It is like getting out of jail. Even those who have not been confined against their will are full of joy at their release. We (timidly) let the furnace fires go down. We open the doors and windows. We lay aside the heavy and stuffy clothing and step out into the free, fresh air without sneezing, with only a lurking apprehension of some pneumonia left behind somewhere in the ground. We hunt for flowers, we see green things, we hear birds making nests, we say how good life is! We dare to trust seeds into the ground, and lay out flower beds. A load of worry and anxiety falls off; we think how comparatively easy life is going to be now for some months. . . . We would all live in a genial climate if we could; we show that this is so by

breaking into joyousness when the snow sneaks away, and the brooks flow and the blossoms come."

After months shut in—and out—from all that was dear to her in nature, one could never forget the sight of Madame Lummis the first day she was able to be out of doors, in the early mild days of spring. The moment she found herself in the open she would stand and inhale the fresh air rapturously, exclaiming with every breath, "Oh! how good God is! Is it not too delightful, too entrancing?" The pain and helplessness, and loss of sleep were all forgotten in the bliss of the present—the goodness of God to give her strength to enjoy once more His beautiful world. Without doubt it was her own suffering, the lifelong experience of what some one has called a martyrdom—an active soul in a helpless body—that made her so wonderfully sympathetic and devoted to the invalids that gathered around her at Asheville. In the little church, plain and as unpretentious as a country chapel in Ireland, the sadness of their situation had first attracted her notice. In and out, with slow and weary feet, the sick and the dying were passing through the long Southern day. The cough had great pathos, heard close to the altar; now it was a young mother from the far-off North-West, wasted and worn, who had come to beg for a life that she knew too well was so necessary for those who loved her. Old and young, rich and poor, from the snows of Canada and from the prairies of the West, all met there, with one great cry to spare

them if but for a few years longer. From every window the blue mountains seemed to rise up and guard the Sanctuary; wherever the eye rests there they are, never one moment the same, and ever and anon the cough of some poor creature would break forth, while the soft, balmy air came through the open windows. The mountains turned to gold with the setting sun, and then faded into darkness, but the twinkling lamps before the altar kept up their unfailing light, and the dear, patient Prisoner of Love heard all the cries of the crushed spirit and the aching heart of the sufferer who went forth into the mountain world again comforted, for He knew, and He loved. All through these months they came to her; those strangers, of whose existence she had been unaware a month previously, brought to her their home letters, with family items of joy and disappointment; her sweetness and patience, her never-failing help and affection, leading naturally to confidences of secret sorrows and often lapses of faith, which her tact and charity turned to excellent results by renewals of fervour and happy reconciliations. Indeed, not a few souls found a return of peace and love of God in those pleasant visits at Asheville. Madame Lummis, always attractive, was almost irresistible when pleading in the interests of Jesus and for the salvation of souls. Those who heard her could never forget her words and looks on those occasions. She spoke of the goodness of the Creator, the duties of the creature, the faith of the old Church, the priceless gifts of her children, and the unfruitful,

unblessed lives of careless Catholics, by many of whom she was then surrounded. How earnestly and lovingly she would appeal to sluggish mothers for the souls of their little children, their sons and their daughters, who were allowed to wander from the Church in which they had received the great blessing of truth unchanged and unchanging. The people of all denominations came to her alike; she was their own individually: to her they were souls, dear children of God, and not unfrequently her tenderest feelings and affections were for those who were not of her faith. A cousin, whom she had not met since girlhood, unexpectedly arrived at Asheville, bringing into her life a bright glimpse of the dear, dead past; Miss Lucy Lord had married Captain McMeechan, of the United States Navy, and though a non-Catholic he became from the first greatly interested in the work at Asheville. Madame Lummis was absorbed in a class of First Communicants, who came to her every afternoon, some trudging long distances in hunger and cold. Sunday was kept free for every one, especially for those engaged during the week—with the result that all classes and creeds wandered in through her ever-open door. Captain McMeechan never failed to come on those afternoons, and he was always bright and interesting; and with him the catechism children; the shy servant maid, out at her first situation; the rough mountaineers; the smart stranger with letters of introduction; the careless husband, whom an anxious wife would coax in to

see "Madame"—all came and were soon at home, drawn into the general conversation; thus the hours passed all too quickly, until at half-past five the hostess would smilingly say: "Now, Charlie, the Rosary"—which was the signal of departure for those who did not wish to remain for prayers and the short instruction to the children which usually followed.

Writing to Mr. T. W. Smith, of Port Dover, she speaks of her life thus:

"Very many thanks for your pretty Christmas gifts; we are both very grateful. I have been quite ill with one of my old spinal headaches, so you must not expect much of a letter this time. We are settled down in our old rooms, with plenty of windows and magnificent views of the mountains on all sides. Father Marion has given me the First Communion class and the care of several very poor children, and every day brings some visitors of all ranks and religions, and all with more or less woeful tales. I try to say *Dominus est*, but I fear my patience often fails as well as my strength. God bless and help you, now and ever, and give you a most happy year."

She was often sorely taxed that winter and spring; her health was very indifferent; but she carried herself with her old stateliness and strength. Those seeing her for the first time could never understand that this was the great sufferer of whom they had heard; rarely in her face or figure was there the least trace of fatigue or weariness. Often some distinguished woman of the great world, or a fashionable friend of her

youth, would unexpectedly descend on her, to find her surrounded by mountaineers, teaching them with the deepest interest. Speaking of her thus, one of them, a non-Catholic, writes:

"She was out of place in a raw, crude country like ours. She should have been attached to some great Catholic Court, where her influence would have been brought to bear on those making and figuring in history; but to more humble uses where her great powers put. She had a power, unlike any other human being I ever knew, to draw people to her; one did not love her as one loves others; but one revered and fairly worshipped her. She had immense reserve power; whatever she gave she possessed beyond calculation, and in her presence no rival could exist. She stood alone, unique, unapproached, peerless. She had a strong influence over men; she inspired the best that in them lay, and the rest seemed to fall away beneath the magic influence of her dear, sweet ways, so light-hearted and yet so profound. Hers was a strong soul, born to lead, to brace, and to stay the human drift in all of us. Alas! where is one to turn to find a faint echo of her in this tawdry world? I don't quite mean 'tawdry,' but it describes much that one sees, and is."

As the summer advanced she failed visibly, but she kept up with the old energy and brightness. Often after a long, tiresome day in her chair, listening to one visitor after another, she would instantly rise with her old glad cry, *Dominus est*—it is the Lord. A sunny smile

from the doorway, and she was off, bringing rest and comfort to some toil-worn soul in sore need of pity and love.

That anyone should give her credit for unusual patience always astonished, even hurt her, and this is shown in the following letter to Miss Lizzie Cattle. Madame Lummis' interest and affection for Miss Cattle dated from those first years at Simcoe, when she was a bright young girl, then, as now, a strict Methodist. Not many years afterwards she had hurt her spine, and for almost twenty years was unable to leave her bed. Madame Lummis' sympathy was unceasing, and every letter received by Miss Cattle was by her preserved as a treasure (all, alas! have been lost through an accident), though the two friends rarely met during all those years:

"Oh, how sorry I am that you suffer so much, my poor dear; and yet what a great reward you will reap in heaven! You are always so sweet, patient, and cheerful amid such long and weary suffering, so many severe and varied trials, and it is you whose 'influence' is so good, not I; you shame me, my dear, when you speak so humbly of yourself, so kindly of me. What are my sufferings and works compared to yours? I wish I could be of use to you, my own dear Lizzie. Tell me if there is anything I can send you or do for you. God bless and help you, my patient little saint. My love to Annie."

The "Annie" here mentioned was a devoted only sister, whose whole life was centred in that of her invalid sister, out of whose presence she

was never happy. In another note Madame Lummis says:

"I hope Annie is improved by her outing, and feels strengthened to resist the long, cold winter. Of yourself, my dear, good Lizzie, you speak but little; and yet who suffers so much, so long, so patiently as you? When you praise me, you make me feel deeply humiliated. Dear, your sufferings are so very much greater than mine, your own gentle patience so far beyond my reach. Pray for me, dear, that I may love our dearest Lord and my neighbour more, myself less. I am glad Dr. Tripp still remembers me so kindly. We often speak of his goodness to us and to all others. I fear he does indeed work too hard, and takes his patients' troubles too much to his generous heart. Please give him my warmest regards and thanks. Now, dear Lizzie, when you do not feel able to write a letter, just send a card, and I will promise to write at once, even if I in return send but a card. Again good-bye, dear, patient, gentle sufferer. Miss G—— says you always made her think of heaven and the saints."

Often when Madame Lummis was chained to her sofa for days, the post would bring to her such letters as the following, and tears of tenderness would fill her eyes, and then her sense of humour would struggle through the pain, and her laugh would ring with its wonted mirth, and it was always a joy to the household:

"It is a pity you cannot know how much I love you and think of you; one can't go on for

ever repeating that sort of thing to another, but once for all, it *is* a pity that you cannot see it really, for it is a very *rare thing* to find in this life of ours. It is before six in the morning, and I have been lying in bed thinking of you, and how wonderful it all is, that during this long life of friendship how not only one of our family, but all, each and every one, has held you in such esteem ; that you have always been with us all a sort of religion : and in all the time I can never remember to have heard from any one of the family one word of criticism. Now, you know, this is *very* remarkable. 'Rose' has always been the one word where the whole family have met and agreed without comment or dissent. From my point of view this is the most remarkable thing in it ; I think you must have hypnotised us all. I had little Eva to lunch with me yesterday ; she is a charming child of eight years, and I think it must be seeing her that has made me think so forcibly of you, though there has hardly been a day all the summer that I have not thought of you ; but seeing this child made me wonder if it were possible for me in any measure to imitate your noble life and influence, and reflect any of it in this child's life. How I wish I could ! We are settling in our new home, and everything is just as I want it, so I am quite content. We have a perfect French cook, and the rest of the staff of six pampered menials are good. I wish you could come here and spend April and May with me when the weather is lovely in New York. I could put you up, with a maid, so that you could

be entirely independent of the rest of the household, and how happy we could be here together. I could give you a magnificent room—twenty-five feet square, with an open fire, and furnace if you wish, and all so pretty; how I would love to see you in that gay, worldly room with its ornaments —you and your sombre clothes—such fun, dear you. And what good things I should make you eat!"

The following, from another friend, will give an idea of how lasting was her influence. Both those correspondents are non-Catholics:

"How miserable it makes me to think that you should worry about money when I have any! Promise me never to do so again. I shall ask you, hereafter, from time to time, to assure myself of your ease in that respect. My dearest invalid Rose, how dearly I love you, and have loved, and ever will love you! Your letters are received with open arms, and always bring me peace; I must try and remember that mine are of value to you also. I am in wonderful health, and am in strict attendance as "bear leader" to my son. His eyes have developed weak muscles, and for the moment he wears glasses, and cannot read or study. If you knew what a great, restless creature he is, in a city like this, you would imagine me to be brave! However, we manage to scramble along together, often with loud laments upon his part, and growls, and showing of teeth, as he looms six feet and one inch over his small "Ma," who pluckily holds the fort, and budges not. He has a voice like thunder

and speaks as fast as I do, to my disgrace. His will is iron, and mine steel. Everyone thinks I "manage" him perfectly, but privately I doubt it, since my work in no one place is ever done. Over and over again I wearily plod, to find my tread-mill reversed, and back I must go and commence again. His nature is fine, his heart big, and his constitution selfish! See, then, how difficult my task; my one struggle is to teach him *self conquest.* I often wish ardently that I knew some young priest, a Jesuit, who would take the boy as a pupil and companion, and instruct and influence him, and prepare him calmly for life's great battle. Not merely money can find such a person; it is only love for God that would prompt the patience and interest to do such a good deed. He is so clever that he requires very careful training."

"The child of prayer," whose coming birth was announced at Hot Springs, was a little girl; and on Holy Innocents Day her Father telegraphed the glad news, wishing that Madame Lummis should select the name, as the happy parents fondly declared it was "Madame's child," and the little child was christened Noël. Some months later the following letter arrived, ostensibly the work of the infant. It gave much pleasure as well as amusement to Madame Lummis:

> My Darling Grandmother,—Mother is so much ashamed of herself for not writing to you long ago, that she is fully

convinced that you would not accept or welcome a letter from her, so I determined to send my picture to plead for her forgiveness. Mother loves you just the same, but she is such a poor letter-writer. Mrs. Herron gave her news of you, and she felt satisfied that you were well, but she longs for news direct—and yet knows how undeserving she is of such a favour. I would have made a better picture if I could have kept still; but when the man pulled the string and made the jumping-jack fly, I had to laugh, and it spoiled my nose. My hair curls when it is damp and warm. When mother arranged it, I felt it to know if it was parted, and pulled it down on one side. I am sorry now that I was so naughty, because it looks tossed. I can say a few words, but am quicker in my acts; I have six teeth, wear number three shoes (don't tell); point up when asked where God is; clap hands for Father to come home; and show where the hole is in my stocking (Mother says I must leave this out of my accomplishments because it reflects on her). Then I squeeze you tight, and grunt, to show how much I love you. Now, darling Grandmother, grant my first request, and forgive Mother. Santa Claus gave me a lovely necklace to put my medal on, and I wear it and think of you. With dear love, I am your little grandchild,

NOEL."

XVIII.

BEFORE entering into the details of the last six months of her life, we shall see what the passing years of trial, struggle, prayer, but more than all of the love of God, had wrought in the soul of Madame Lummis. The ardent, imperious, attractive girl had become the sweet, gracious, spiritual woman, ennobled by suffering, into whose presence no one could enter without being impressed with her charming and striking personality. Her exquisite simplicity and naturalness of manner, her general information and gay conversation, attracted even the most shy and ignorant, inducing in them trust and affection. Confidence once given her was never betrayed; contending factions and persons came to her with their mutual injuries, and her method of judging was to give each every possible advantage. One was always sure to find her ever ready to listen; the advice or reproof was given firmly, yet gently, and no one ever left her without being convinced of her genuine sympathy and sincere desire for his best interests. Her calm, clear judgment, and the deep spirituality that underlay every word, brought peace and security to the most troubled mind and heart. No one, perhaps, but Almighty

God knew the good she did to others during those hours, and often whole days, of patient listening when her own mental and physical sufferings far outweighed those for which she was so sincerely sorry. Her constant prayer was: "Lord, if I cannot help, at least let me not hinder." This was the outcome of her humility and distrust in her own efforts. Many of those who knew her best speak of this constant demand for their prayers that if she did not help she might not hinder. Her respect for souls, her sense of the delicacy with which they should be approached, and of their dignity and sublime destiny, were never absent from her mind when leading or drawing others towards a higher life.

It was remarkable that with her enthusiasm and unflagging zeal for souls she could preserve that equable temperament which was one of her greatest charms; her dignity, sweetness, and what Father Faber calls "obstinate cheerfulness" never failed. She had more than her share of disappointment and ingratitude; she was abused, even derided, by those on whom she had bestowed favours, but an angry look or word never escaped her on such occasions. Once the writer witnessed such an experience, and in an outburst of affection and indignation, exclaimed vehemently: "Why don't you crush them?" Madame Lummis was lying on her sofa in great suffering, but instantly the hurt look vanished, and glancing up with her old humour, she said: "'Because,' as Dr. Johnson said to Boswell, 'I've nothing ready, sir.'" Then in an instant,

an inner light radiated from her beautiful eyes, and she murmured softy, almost reproachfully, "And Jesus held His peace." One was instantly subdued, and the calm in her utterly dissipated all further thought or discussion. If she felt an injustice needed reproach, she gave it kindly and impartially, but the matter was then dismissed from her mind, and never further alluded to in any way. The advice she gave was, "If you can say nothing kindly of another, then be silent," and this rule she kept to the letter. Everyone who knew her felt that his or her character was safe in her presence. She had such a pleasant way of changing the conversation when it drifted towards uncharitableness, one scarcely realised that the breakers were past, and one floated into merry sparkling waters without a ripple of annoyance.

We have seen that her love for the poor was a great and strong love. The following lines of Joachim Miller's, which we found copied in her notes, expressed her feelings towards those, God's chosen ones :

> God's poor came first, the very first,
> God's poor were first to see, to hear,
> To feel the light of Heaven burst
> Full on their faces. Far or near
> His poor were first to follow, first to fall.
> What if at last His poor stand first of all!

To give to those in need was a crying necessity of her nature, and a pleasure she never would forego. She used to say : "Scanty fare for one

will often make a royal feast for two," and she gave freely. Where the money came from no one ever knew. It is a fact that the day of Mrs. Lord's death she possessed but two dollars—about eight shillings—owing to an unexpected demand on her generosity. She could never resist an appeal from those in sorrow or need.

Is thy burden hard and heavy,
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden:
God will bear both it and thee.

This she wrote among the things she wished to remember. Her heart indeed grew rich in giving, and when kindness or generosity came from unexpected quarters she would smilingly say: "Have I not told you? Cast your bread upon the waters, and it will surely return." Once she was much touched by such an instance. During her years in the mountains she had often assisted the negroes in extreme moments. When a mortgaged cow or mule was about to be seized, an appeal to "de Madame" never failed, and, it must be added, rarely was her trust in them betrayed, which was not so with her own white people. To one family in particular had she been a benefactress, lending sums for clothes, farm implements, etc., with always a promise of return. When leaving that particular mission she needed the money, but her modest demand met with profuse promises for the future, but a tale of absolute impossibility for the present. Sorely disappointed, as she had depended on the

sum for pressing needs, she arrived at her next mission, expecting to find a cheque at the Post Office, only again to be met with disappointment. Some days must elapse before she could hear from Canada, and meanwhile to whom was she to turn in this new mission, where she was an utter stranger? As a last resourse, she wrote of her dilemma to a son of her mountain debtor. This young man had left his father's house before her advent, had married a Baptist, and adopted that religion, having never learned anything of the Catholic Church, through the indifference of his parents, whom, with the rest of the family, Madame Lummis had brought back to the faith. Our missionary had never seen him, but by letter had shown him every sympathy and help in the business which he had then but recently started. Her letter asking for a loan of £10 with interest for two weeks met with a kind and immediate reply. Interest he scorned ; he was glad to oblige her in any way. He knew nothing of her loan to his father ; he knew nothing of her except the prompt business dealings he had had with her. He might have thought that being at a distance it was possible she would leave the mountains before the stipulated two weeks had elapsed ; but like all who had ever seen her or had dealings with her, he could not harbour any doubt. The welcome cheque came and was repaid with interest within a week. A grateful acknowledgment arrived by return, with the proffered interest declined. She was much moved, and until her death no Christmas ever passed but that some

little token of her gratitude went to greet him. This incident is mentioned, not only for the trust and kindness shown her, but as a very rare experience to one so methodical and far-seeing as Madame Lummis had ever been. Indeed, her business ability was remarkable, and in no way was it more demonstrated than in her comfortable, almost elegant manner of living on so small an income. Her generosity alone would lead one to imagine her possessed of much more than she really had—little more than a hundred pounds a year. While prudent and economical as to her own expenditure, she was comparatively lavish in giving to others, especially to those in need, feeling that our Lord would return all she gave a hundredfold, and her trust and child-like confidence were sometimes singularly rewarded. Once, during her early days at Simcoe, she feared that unless some unexpected help came, she could not continue her work, and she regretted very much having to relinquish all, just as she seemed to be succeeding. She thought of ways and means, but there seemed to be no way out of the difficulty. Then in her usual straightforward way she went before the Blessed Sacrament, and poured out all her longings and fears to our Lord, saying: "If you want me to remain, you can give me the means; show me, dearest Lord, your holy will." On returning to her room she found a letter from her cousin, Mr. William Lummis, who had kindly taken charge of her investments, in which he said: "I enclose a cheque for two hundred and fifty dollars (£50),

which I realised this morning by selling your shares and reinvesting on equally good security." It was just the amount she needed.

During the later years of her life there was often a fear that her investments might prove a failure; the portion of her dowry she had asked the Society of the Sacred Heart to return to her to carry on the work among neglected missions, she wished to be returned to them intact at her death, and she made a deed of assignment to that effect. To her it was such a point of honour and justice that often she repeated that if anything were to happen she could not rest in her grave until that sum was paid to the Society.

Good Friday had always been to her a day of suffering, mental as well as physical: her love for the Passion made the day very real. The order of that day, at Simcoe or in any of the missions where she happened to spend Lent, was ever the same. She drank merely a cup of coffee in the morning and tasted no food until mid-day; then there was silence through the house until three o'clock; the class-room was darkened, and the large crucifix stood between two candles which burned the three hours; all betokened mourning and sadness. At two the people gathered, and the devotions, consisting of the seven dolour beads, St. John's history of the Passion, extracts from *Mary at the foot of the Cross*, all ending with the reading of the stations, were held. We have spoken of the beauty of her voice and articulation, but in prayer or spiritual reading it was touching and devotional to a rare

degree. She felt all she read, and transmitted her feeling to her hearers; one could never hear her pray without emotion; her very simplicity and sweetness were irresistible.

Those Good Friday devotions were attended by Protestants and Catholics alike, and the negroes spoke of them many years afterwards; they appealed to all. The writer remembers on one such day among the mountain missions, bringing Madame Lummis' letters to her room when she was too ill to be out of bed, and was saving her strength for the afternoon. Madame Lummis read through her post, and suddenly her face became stricken with dismay; in an instant she raised her eyes, which were full of tears, saying: "What a grand day to get a blow!" It was the bad news from her Simcoe lawyer that two thousand dollars of the seven lent her by the Society of the Sacred Heart were in danger of being lost—interest and principal. Not another word did she utter as she observed the day as usual, and held the devotions—no one dreaming that she was in trouble. It was, however, but a test that God had sent her; later hope came, and finally all was saved; she had lost nothing in this world, but had gained much in the world to come.

Like all great souls she was tried in ways that cost her most. As long as she could read, she could forget—or at least set aside for the moment — the feeling of unceasing pain and the depressing thoughts of her helplessness. When for weeks she was condemned to her sofa, a book

of history, philosophy, travel, biography, or a good novel would absorb many an otherwise weary hour, but the sacrifice of this relief she had to make at intervals during her life, and completely during the last two years before her death. The state of her spine forbade the use of her hands or her eyes. Even when for years she could no longer use her needle, her busy fingers were always occupied in crotchet work for the poor or the nuns. While she talked to her visitors she worked unceasingly; there was never an idle moment, and she made a pretty, restful picture, listening with interest and sympathy to those present, while her hands were busy for the absent. Now all had to be relinquished; at first it was thought that it was merely a temporary matter, as she had often been in such a condition before, but as month followed month, and then a year passed, to be succeeded by another, she felt that the giving up of these employments was an act of renunciation God asked of her, and nobly she submitted. Never did she allude to her sacrifice but once, when a remark was made that with the approaching summer she could resume her reading. Madame Lummis said sweetly and earnestly: "No, I think I never shall again."

Her eyes never lacked their lustre, nor did her face show any change, but there were days of torturing headache, when she lay in a darkened room, and the least sound was agony. These headaches generally lasted twenty-four hours, or even longer, but at the first lessening of the pain she would say something re-assuring, and

pathetically joke at her plight. When in suffering she never spoke unless she was addressed, and then she answered in her gentle way in tones of sweetness and affection. It was a blessing and a privilege to be with her at such moments; one felt she was not as others were.

After the experience of the previous winter in the mountains, the succession of severe colds from which she had suffered, and her consequent confinement to the house, it was thought advisable that she should spend the winter farther south. Mother Austin Carroll repeated her invitation to come to the Convent of Mercy at Selma, Alabama, the centre of the Jesuit missions along the river, where she could receive daily Communion. She therefore left Asheville late in September, and spent the month of October in Black Mountain. The beauty of the surrounding scenes that she could see from the window were a source of great pleasure. The old hotel (since burned to the ground), deserted by its summer visitors, was all she desired. Dr. and Mrs. Herron, of Savannah, dear and esteemed friends, remained especially to be near her, little dreaming it would be for the last time. Sister Georgette came on from New York, and the sisters enjoyed their old heart-to-heart talks and pleasantries—never, alas, to be repeated in this world. The weather was lovely, and what month is like October in the mountains? The forests were a blaze of colour, and the clear crispness of the air was life-giving. Madame Lummis' rooms opened on to a wide gallery

overlooking the glorious peaks, and here she lived all day. Her interest in all around her was keen; the mountain women found her out, Mrs. Sprague, the proprietress, telling her their histories and amusing her with quaint tales of the inhabitants. Though a non-Catholic, her devotion to Madame Lummis was evident from the first, and ceased only with her death.

The four weeks of her stay passed all too quickly. No one seemed anxious about her health, yet all were unwilling to break up the charming intimacy of those autumn days.

Mrs. Herron had been through stirring scenes of the Civil War; she had seen much of the world in Europe and America, and having a bright and witty mind, her anecdotes of dead and gone statesmen and warriors enlivened many an afternoon. She was a devout convert, and loved and revered Madame Lummis, to amuse and interest whom she was delighted, and in this task she was ably assisted by her husband. His voice was rich and mellow, and often he would read aloud some essay or poem, knowing he could always count on her sympathy and clever appreciation.

The last day of September saw the pleasant party dispersed. Sister Georgette seemed to have some presentiment that never again would they be together. All the morning she could not hide her sorrow. Again and again she gave way; and as Madame Lummis disappeared down the mountains, she stood on the balcony, trying bravely but hopelessly to smile through her tears. The

journey to Alabama was unfortunate, ending only at midnight on the second day. There were delays and the missing of connections, but she bore everything well, and reached the convent in excellent spirits. The next morning, the first Friday in October, was cold and damp; but the Sisters did the best they could with their limited opportunities to make her comfortable. Father Semple, S.J., came to see her, promising her daily Mass at the convent, owing to the unexpected arrival of an invalid priest, and thus frequent Communion was assured. Her first letter as usual was to announce her safe arrival to Madame Schulten, who replied:

"I am so glad you are with the Sisters; notwithstanding the great poverty and many inconveniences, it must be a great comfort to you to be in a religious house, and what a blessing to receive Communion every day, and to have the Blessed Sacrament in the house! I can imagine how you enjoy that privilege. But you do not say anything of your health, and I ask our Lord to give you a little strength to work for Him and some food for your zeal, for what is life without work for souls? It is sweet to die when we have worked for God alone."

Now that she was under the very roof with the Blessed Sacrament, her one desire in coming to Selma was the hope of spending many hours in the Divine Presence. Our Lord showed her plainly that it was not thus He wished her service, but in patient suffering and dependence on others. A few days after her arrival at the

convent she was crossing a narrow hall at night, from which a staircase abruptly descended, and in some mysterious manner, for which she never could account, she fell with great force down the steps, and was found a few moments later in terrible pain. She was calm as ever, though evidently much shaken, and assured those around her it was nothing. With assistance she mounted the staircase and bravely concealed her suffering, insisting that all should go to bed. Though she lay so still and peaceful through the night, fearing to alarm others, who dreaded what injury to her spine the doctors might discover in the morning, she acknowledged afterwards that the pain and anxiety were ex-extreme. Father Semple, S.J., came to see her at once after his early Mass, and wondered at her courage and tranquility. He went himself for the doctor, who hearing of the delicacy of her spine at first looked grave ; but after an examination said with surprise and satisfaction that there was nothing more serious than some severe bruises, and he hoped to have his patient out of bed in a few days. It was, however, six weeks before she could move, and day after day the pain was unceasing. She was unusually silent all through this illness, and though she never spoke of this disappointment, or of the anxiety and trouble she so reluctantly must be to others, she felt these things sorely. The first gleam of her old self came unexpectedly one day. Mother Austin Carroll had come on from Mobile to visit the community and see Madame Lummis, and

brought with her into the sick room *My New Curate*, then appearing serially in the "American Ecclesiastical Review." Madame Lummis was too ill even to hear it read; and rather despondent at her low state, the writer, sitting behind a screen at the foot of the bed, hoping the invalid might sleep, opened the magazine and looked over the story. Attracted from the first page, she went on, soon forgetting her surroundings, and without knowing it began to chuckle quietly over Mrs. Darcy, the sacristan, and her indignation on "his Riverence's" scorn of what she chose to call the "blessed wax." The chuckles aroused Madame Lummis' attention, and she asked their cause.

"You must let me read this to you," and without more ado the story was begun, with ever deepening interest on the part of the invalid, until she said: "How natural; I might have written it myself of the first experiences in Simcoe." There was no stop, the reading continued until the waning light forbade more; but each succeeding day *My New Curate* filled many a pleasant hour, and was the first ray of sunshine to break in on her illness.

The doctor who attended her was much impressed with her bearing all through; full of faith in the recent progress of medical science, he felt convinced that something might be done to alleviate her pain. He could not believe that if she suffered from congestion of the spinal cord she could walk as she did, erect and graceful. He begged permission to examine her for him-

self, assuring her that it was her duty to be saved from suffering. She dreaded the least touch to her spine; it was so sensitive that she shrank from the thought, and she looked up at the clever, ambitious physician, so eager to cure her, saying wistfully:

"I feel so sure that even if you did cure me in one way, I should endure in another. Our Lord has sent me this for some wise purpose, and I shall never be without pain." The doctor was not a Catholic, and, naturally, his sympathies were with science as opposed to a religion such as that, and to please him and those longing for her cure, she consented to the examination. It was as she had said; the doctor, with a shock of surprise and disappointment, found she was right; he turned away, and never again alluded to it. Like all who had seen her in illness, his interest had become that of a friend as well as that of the physician, and his sorrow at the shattering of his hopes was great. His idea of a radical cure destroyed, he wished to get her away from the malarious atmosphere of Alabama, but only two days before Christmas was she able to leave.

XIX.

On Christmas Eve Madame Lummis arrived at Greenville, South Carolina, the centre of the missions for the north part of the State, then under the charge of Father Budds, of whose zeal she had heard much from the Charleston visitors to the mountains. He came at once to see her, saying that he had long desired her among his people, and begging her to remain at Greenville. He was very sad, as that morning he had received orders of his promotion to Charleston, where he had been a curate in former years. Father Gwynn was to be his successor, and he could assure her of a warm welcome from him. The missions were discussed, and a place called Anderson, with a poor little church and a growing congregation, appealed to her, owing to her desire to go where the need was greatest.

She explained her views to Father Budds, her hopes for more frequent Mass, and perhaps the establishment of the league of the Sacred Heart, and the First Friday devotions. It was a happy meeting between those two ardent souls whose whole lives were absorbed in furthering the work of God in lonely and neglected parts of the world where He was least known and rarely served. They parted with sincere regret and

mutual promises of prayer for future success, never, as it happened, to meet again. Father Budds left next day for Charleston. The Christmas of that year brought her an unusual number of kind and loving letters and tokens. Rumours of her fall had been alarming those who knew her feeble strength; they had feared it must be fatal, and long-restrained feelings of admiration and affection poured on her from North and South. Writing to her cousin, Miss Lummis, she says:

> "My own dear Florrie,—To-morrow will be dear Willig's birthday, and is it not yours as well? Let me wish you very many very happy returns of the day. It has been a blessed one to all who know you, dear, bringing happiness and consolation to many. Many thanks for our pretty gifts—all most acceptable, and received with delight and gratitude. Tell dear Aunt Anne the 'broken candies' made me think of our childhood; you know she always kept a supply of them, and presented them to us when we were good—and also, I think, when we were bad, to sweeten our conduct. Who sent the *Catholic Belief* volumes, so welcome and beneficial? We thought it was Eliza, until yesterday her letter and calendars arrived; please thank her for them. Delia would write with C——'s fine new pen, but she is ill in bed with a cold. Kitty Mott has just sent me

seventy-five dollars; is she not very good and thoughtful? The world has never driven away the affection for me of so many years ago, when she was only eleven years old. Do be sure to go and see Eva, and tell us all about her."

This was the last time that the annual "Lummis box" came to gladden her Christmas. Every member of the family—boys and girls—sent something for all her *protéges*, with facetious messages on each neatly arranged packet; jokes and waggery abounded. Her aunt, Mrs. Lummis, now advanced in years, never failed to send some special gift for her dear Rose's comfort or delectation. The contents of this famous box seemed always just what she needed, and for months after Christmas, when something was sorely needed for her poor, it was certain to be found in the "Lummis box." Amusing letters to New York told the tale, and back came lively answers, often contributed to by all the family, thus keeping alive the gay, loving spirit that ever united the cousins, and had remained unimpaired since those happy childhood hours of the dear, dead days at Sodus.

On a bright warm day early in January, Madame Lummis was able to make the short journey to Anderson, twenty miles from Greenville. It is a quaint, pretty country town, and pleased her extremely; the tower overlooking the market she likened to the belfry at Bruges, and the open square, to which numerous pigeons

flocked for the grain from the farmers' waggons reminded her of St. Mark's at Venice. Her old longing for work revived as her health and spirits returned, and Mother Schulten, always the first to cheer and encourage her on the rough road, wrote:

"So you have left Selma, which has treated you badly, adding to your ordinary infirmities this painful fall, which put your life in danger. How much you must have suffered, and how I sympathised with you! I hope your present residence will have a brighter influence on your poor health, and give you a little strength. The dear Lord knows that you use it all for the glory of His Sacred Heart, therefore He will grant it to you, I am sure; but your life will always be seasoned with suffering. I think that is the road the Sacred Heart has chosen for you, and you will embrace the Cross and follow your Crucified Lord up to Calvary, doing good to souls by word in your moments of relief, and by suffering when you are nailed on the Cross, so you are always in union with Him, near His Sacred Heart, and happy to accomplish His Holy Will. Delia's etter, which I was glad to receive, gives a very interesting account of your present mission. How much you will be able to do among these poor people, and how happy you will be to bring many to God! Rest assured that you are lovingly remembered, especially before our Lord; pray for me and special intentions of mine. Give my love and thanks to dear Delia."

Though absorbed in the numerous interests

about her, she did not forget the old. The following letter from Black Mountain tells its tale of larger sympathies and the confidence and trust she awakened in strangers, who soon became added to her numerous friends. The writer is a non-Catholic:

"I would like so much to be near you, for if I could be where I could see and hear you, I would find it so much easier to be good; even your letters help me and make me yearn for a better use of my life. I fear I keep my 'talent' unapplied and unused; but I do want to be useful and good. Black Mountain is very much to-day as you left it; to-day has been lovely, though rather cold. We still have our teas, which have more of the character of feasts, for we eat most heartily. We have not given them up during Lent, as we should; but we have so little to do, we just can't. Poor Lena has repented most truly, and has been very efficient, trying to atone the best she knows how. I wish we had the Dispensary Law; it is needed sorely." (Lena was the negro cook, who was inclined to indulge in strong drinks at unexpected moments. The American Dispensary Law forbids the sale of whiskey except as a medicine.) "To give you an idea of the nature of some of the natives, I will tell you what a young man who was in the station a few days ago, a little the worse for liquor, said: 'I ain't a-hunting no trouble, and I don't want no trouble; but peace I do despise!' I think this is the sentiment of the majority of mountaineers. We have not yet a green thing

outside. I have some flowers growing in my room, and they are the only green things in sight; but it won't be long before everything is beautiful, and then I will be glad to live here, for Black Mountain in spring is lovely. I do hope we can see you here again; I always think of you when I look up at your balcony. Please, dear Madame, do write to me when you can; your letters bring me a breath of goodness that helps and strengthens me, and urges me onward and upward to a better life."

The bright, pleasant weather brought back Madame Lummis' strength; the kindly spirit of the people, the tiny wooden church and its many needs, reminded her of her "dear little Simcoe" when she first learned to love it. From the first she took the whole place to her heart; here she wished to live and die. The attraction was mutual; her Catholic people first, and then the non-Catholics, found her and loved her as their own. The two following months were full of plans, hopes and happiness. Father Gwynn, who had but then arrived to take charge of the missions, saw great possibilities for the future, and, with Madame Lummis' influence, zeal, and prayers, expected wonders. It was an ideal winter, warm and bright, with almost perpetual sunshine. Our missionary rejoiced in it all; for the first time in her life she had passed a winter without seeing snow. One lovely day in February, looking down on the sunny scenes beneath her windows, she said:

"How I should love to be out in it, and to

walk and *run!*" Then suddenly, in a radiant voice, she added: "In Heaven I shall have no spine!" It was rarely, if ever, she let anyone see how bitter was her cross; she bore it so brightly and bravely that few realised how heavy was the load she had carried all these long years.

Two weeks later, on a warm March morning, she drove out to see an old plantation which she hoped to rent. The opening spring, the bird-notes in the woods, the quaint old house with its galleries and piazzas, the sloping lawns and the sound of falling water, were sources of intense delight. She planned which room should be the chapel, which was best for the children to gather in for catechism, and in this house she hoped to carry on the work for souls on which her heart was set. Then, looking out over the lovely prospect from the open door, and still intent on the pleasure of others, she exclaimed joyously:

"I must ask Kitty to come here"—one of her oldest friends, whom she had not seen for eighteen years, but who was loved and remembered as if they had parted but yesterday. She lingered on the *piazza* until sheer fatigue compelled her to leave, and then as the horses turned slowly down the hill she looked back longingly at the old house from a bend in the avenue, full of happy hopes for the future. It was her last drive. That afternoon came news of the dangerous illness of one of her Hendersonville boys who had sought work in Louisville; the close air of the big city had been poison to the mountain

lad whose life had been spent among the balm of the pines, and rapid consumption had brought him in a few weeks near the end. Her warm heart grieved for his family and for him whom she had had baptised and prepared for the Sacraments, and now, when she had seen the object of her love and labour about to succeed, he was to be taken away. Her letters went that evening to the lonely mountain home, soon to be darkened and desolate. Two days later the post brought other tidings of sorrow: two of her old Simcoe girls had also come to her for love and sympathy. One, living in Baltimore, had just lost her mother; another, in Toronto, mourned her eldest child. Though ailing, she wrote instantly, and those were the last words written by that busy pen that had never failed those in trial or difficulty.

On the next morning she was too ill to rise, but said it was "nothing"; she simply felt weary; she would rest and say her rosary. That was the usual way of disarming anxiety. Her beads was her companion in all conflicts. Awake at night she said her rosary; sitting alone, unable to read, write or work, the rosary cheered the passing moments. It was always with her, to be drawn out the instant she was alone; in the train, driving or walking, one always noticed it tenderly clasped or quietly passing through her fingers. She prayed always; God was ever present in her thoughts; joy and pain, art and nature all brought that presence vividly before her. She lived but for Him, and her only tie to

earth was the sorrow her loss must mean to those who loved her. For three days Madame Lummis suffered seemingly from a slight cold, but nothing serious was thought of it. The third day the owner of the old plantation came to say that he feared, owing to the necessity for many repairs, it would be impossible to rent it. When the news was brought to her the disappointment was great; but instantly came the bright acceptance of the trial, as she hastened to say, though tears stood in her eyes: "I am glad to make the sacrifice." On the morning of the next day, which was Sunday, Madame Lummis was delirious, and when the doctor arrived he pronounced the illness to be double pneumonia—nay, feared she could not last out the day! A nurse who had been successful in such cases was put in charge, and then began the battle for that precious life. On Tuesday she was much improved, and the doctor could not contain his delight. Though a non-Catholic and a stranger, the bright, simple courage of his patient won him from the first. No matter how she suffered, or what remedies were suggested, she was always the same with, as he afterwards said, "so sweet a smile as he had never seen."

Father Gwynn, in a distant part of the mission, was journeying to Anderson for the fortnightly Mass, with the glad tidings for Madame Lummis that he could establish the First Friday Mass devotions as she had requested, when he received a telegram urging his immediate presence to administer to her the last Sacraments. Toil and

unceasing pain had snapped the feeble bonds with life, and in a few days she had gone home to the home that had been her longing for years. It was then noon on the day following the Feast of the Annunciation, March 26th, 1900, when she was in her fifty-sixth year.

Her loss was as unexpected as it was truly mourned. No Empress enthroned in the hearts of her people could receive more love and reverence, and Catholic and non-Catholic tears mingled at her death. She lay in her simple habit, her hands clasping the crucifix to which she had clung all through the days of her painful, laborious and hidden life, and peace was in her face. All day they came to look at her, the negroes whom she loved as little children weeping over her who had always had a smile for them, and whom they called their angel. She was brought to the poor little church that was after her own heart.

Living for and loving the poor as she did, in the last sad scenes she was associated with the proudest, noblest names in South Carolina. She was borne to the altar by men of the old aristocratic South, who were proud of the honour to minister to her at the last. The non-Catholics took charge of the music for the Mass, and the hymns that she loved rang out with peculiar pathos in the little church she had loved for its poverty. The Episcopal rector was one of her chief mourners, sitting close beside her body during Mass, and the nearest in the sad procession to the cemetery ; Presbyterians, Methodists,

and Baptists vied with each other in their respect and tenderness.

Many claimed her remains, but her wishes to be buried where she died were laws to those who loved her. Madame Lummis rests among the southern pines on the fair hillside, where her grave is hidden with the flowers of spring placed lovingly by the genial warm-hearted children of the South.

The sad news reached Simcoe on Sunday morning a few moments before Mass. The congregation had gathered as of old, and when all had assembled the mournful tidings were announced from the altar. To add to the pathos, the young priest was one of her "boys," who could speak of her whom they had lost. He knew what she had been to them, and he asked if there was one in their midst who had not received of her bounty, spiritually or temporally? So much in their lives was due to her noble lessons and example. Their beautiful church, with all its treasures, the peace, plenty, and piety of the parish were the outcome of her labours, prayers, and sacrifices. "And," concluded the young Father, "but for her I should never have stood at this altar as a priest of God!" This tribute came well from one whose great aim as parish priest of Simcoe was to keep his flock up to her standards and aspirations. His first work was to build the church at Port Dover, one of the Simcoe missions, to do which had been Madame Lummis' dream, and for which he had heard her pray when a boy.

Father Forster sang the requiem Mass the following morning, and her children came through the wild Canadian storm—eight, ten, and twelve miles across the bleak country—to pay their last tribute to the memory of one they had ample reason to revere.*

Not many months after Madame Lummis' loss the little church in Hendersonville for which she had longed was built by Father Marion of Asheville, who had known so well of her prayers and efforts for the welfare of that first mission she had found and loved among the mountains.

Thus do her works live after her, and thus was her prayer answered, that where she went among the poor and the ignorant she might be the sweet odour of Jesus Christ.

THE END.

* Two years later Sister Georgette was received into the Catholic Church—the sister of so many prayers and sacrifices. She died with the Sisters of Mercy, Charleston, and by her request was laid to rest in the cemetery at Anderson beside her whom she had so loved in life.

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